

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Volume VIII. }

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{ From Beginning  
Vol. CCXXVI. }

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## SOME RECENT NOVELS OF MANNERS.\*

There is nothing more vexing and misleading than an arbitrary classification; but, after all, names are a necessity, and it is impossible to talk about the modern novel with any chance of distinctness unless one specifies the class of novel that is referred to. And, since prose fiction began to stand alone as a separate art, there have always been two main types of story—the novel of incident and the novel of observation. Naturally the types have overlapped; human intelligence more than anything else in the world refuses to be shut into watertight compartments; but still there exists a broad distinction between the story told as a traveller may tell his adventures in Abyssinia or Peru, and the story concerned from start to finish with circumstances familiar to the audience in their own daily life. And—broadly speaking again—the novel of incident commends itself to men, the novel of observation to women. Our curiosity is limited by our imagination, and the bulk of us care most for the recital of such actions as we can see ourselves

take part in. In the secret chambers of our mind we still play, as we played when we were children, at being heroes and heroines, though we select the precise type of heroism (or villainy) with a little more discrimination. We do not aspire after the entirely incongruous; if our flesh has succumbed under the ordeal of a Channel crossing, we avoid the identification of ourselves with the young rescuer of the shipwrecked. But still, there is scarcely a man so tied by custom in soul as well as body to his office-stool that he does not conceive it possible, and even desirable, that he too might take a hand in bloodshed and feel the lust of combat rise in his veins. The battle instinct survives in the sex that did the fighting long after there had ceased to be any fighting for it to do. But woman, who in the old times readily identified her emotions with those of the vallant knight, and who listened—or so one may suppose from the old forms of literature—with more interest to the recital of innumerable tourneyings than to any love song—

\* 1. *The Danvers Jewels*. By Mary Cholmondeley. London: Bentley, 1887.

2. *Sir Charles Danvers*. By Mary Cholmondeley. London: Bentley, 1888.

3. *Diana Tempest*. By Mary Cholmondeley. London: Bentley, 1898.

4. *Red Pottage*. By Mary Cholmondeley. London: Arnold, 1899.

5. *Concerning Isabel Carnaby*. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1898.

6. *The Double Thread*. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. London: Hutchinson, 1899.

7. *The Farringtons*. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. London: Hutchinson, 1900.

she has greatly lost touch with these fiercer emotions; and among novel-readers women make the majority.

That is why in every novel the love interest is obligatory. When you have that, you have something that appeals to every woman—something that she can compare, not, perhaps, with her actual experiences, but with those infinite capabilities of which she alone is aware; and therefore, to win her approbation, if the story be one of risks and adventures, they must at least be risked and adventured for the sake of a woman. If the novelist neglects this interest he does so at his peril; women have hardly yet become reconciled to Stevenson, because in the books by which he became famous there was no love-story. Still, in Stevenson there was always that charm which is not proper to the novel as a novel—the fascination of romance; the sense everywhere, at every turn of the narrative, that there is something waiting always just beyond the corner; and this touch of mystery is felt less by women than by men, yet it is felt by all human beings who have a susceptibility to the influences of literature. But give to the average educated lady a book like Mr. Morley Roberts's "Sea Comedy," which is simply an admirable yarn of rough-and-tumble adventure, with the grimmest issues taken in a jesting spirit, and the book will have no interest for her. She has no possible concern in the scenes that pass on board a ship homeward bound from Australia with a crew of broken miners, half of them "Shanghaied" or trepanned, and every mother's son with a revolver in his pocket. But, on the other hand, every man will enter at once into the spirit of the adventure, and he will have a man's admiration for a man, the hard-fisted ruffian who first of all sharks up the crew out of hospitals and gambling dens, and then manages to keep such a make-shift for

discipline as lands the ship safe in port without throat-cutting. If he had been laboring for the blue eyes of a fair-haired lass, discreetly suggested in the first chapter, hinted at in moments of high emotion throughout, and introduced with a pink halo on the last page, the book might have been a novel in the orthodox form, and women might have read it; as it was, it remained a yarn, and one of the best of its kind, but Mudie's, probably, had very little call for copies.

A book of this sort is a saga, and a saga of the old Icelandic type; it appeals to man, the aboriginal fighting animal, who is more concerned with the fight than the motive of the fighter. But the pleasure of recognition, of identifying our own latent instincts translated into act, is, in a book like this, only for men, whereas the successful novel easily eschews such a limitation of the potential audience. The superficial interests of men and of women are to-day widely similar, and a novel that deals with the ordinary life of civilized society gives this pleasure to both sexes, but chiefly to the sex which is *par excellence* the sex of novel-readers. Hence, in spite of the vogue which the historical novel has recently attained, there arises the domination of the novel of manners; yet it must not be supposed that here the novelist has to move checked and fettered by the laws of common probability. The most popular novel of manners is that based mainly on imagination. It contrives to pay a double debt, gratifying the human interest in a story, and tickling the human curiosity where that curiosity is most sensitive. Mr. Hall Caine, in "The Christian," revealed to a palpitating public the monstrous wickedness that goes on in London hospitals, and showed how patients generally owe their lives to the sagacity and resolution of a raw probationer. The information was vouched for as ac-

curate by the author, and it was just the information that the general public desired. Accuracy was a matter of slight importance; to have a picture of the life lived by people whom one met in the street, but not elsewhere, to see the true inwardness of what was only vaguely recorded in the newspapers—this the average novel-reader, the person in whose hands lie pecuniary success and failure, demanded of the popular instructor. For novels of manners resolve themselves into two classes—those which are based on knowledge and those which rear a fabric on imagination. And for solid success it is to the latter we should look. The power to gratify a popular curiosity accounts for the stupefying fact that Miss Marie Corelli is read by tens of thousands. She describes society—the haunt of wicked peers and abandoned peeresses—not exactly as it is, but exactly as her audience wishes to hear it described. Her books are to her audience “as good as a sermon,” and much better too, because they are more detailed. A work like Ouida’s powerful piece of rhetoric, “The Mas-sarenes,” does not rest on direct observation but it rests on facts; it is not life but it comes as near life as satire is bound to do. A book like “The Murder of Delicia” is true to nothing in heaven and earth but Miss Corelli’s imagination. And yet Miss Corelli has been so successful that it is impossible, in an essay of this kind, to omit at least so much reference to her as is contained in saying that her work is entirely undeserving of any consideration.

Miss Corelli ranks as a novelist of manners by intention rather than by result, but it is plainly her intention to depict not so much individuals as classes; to render not a single character but the character of a society. The distinction is important for our present purpose, and it may be well to dwell

upon it. A novelist who sets out to tell us what men and women *may be* like uses imagination for the purposes of psychology; one who tells us what they are like uses observation. The stronger the emotional interest, whether roused by violent and exciting incident or by the suggestion of some great spiritual crisis, the more difficult it is to avoid concentrating all attention on the principal figure, unless, like Scott, the writer fixes our minds on the events themselves rather than on the persons affected by them. But in the day of small things interest is diffused, and we observe all the actors, we note their individual peculiarities, we listen to general comment, every accessory has a value in its own right, we see things and people as they are in themselves, not in relation to some tragic personage. The room where a murderer sits takes a shadow from the murder, but the room where three old ladies combine to talk gossip has a physiognomy of its own. Where there is no overmastering central preoccupation the novelist may atone for its absence by the great significance given to detail, and a catholicity of concern.

Let us illustrate by examples. In “Tess of the D’Urbervilles” Mr. Hardy’s object is to portray character, but individual character, to show us the nature of Tess shaking off alien accretions and shooting up into the final glory of its tragic blossom. Every other actor affects us in a way through Tess; we judge them by their dealings with her, by their contrast to her figure or their harmony with it. So true an artist as Mr. Hardy is indifferent to no form of human life, but he depicts the surroundings for the sake of Tess. On the other hand the novelist of manners is concerned to combine and to contrast in the picture groups rather than individuals. There is no character in Miss Austen’s works who so dominates

a story, none who is such an emotional centre as Tess. But on the other hand look at the skill with which this subtle artist marks off not only individualities but the gradations between group and group in the very limited section of society that she knows and treats of. The county families, the stray visitors from the world of London, the professional men like the clergy and barristers, the indigent gentlefolk of country towns, who barely escape social relations with the shopkeeper—all these are differentiated so perfectly that every character which figures is true not only to its own nature, but to the class from which it comes. Miss Ferrier, aiming at a similar result, was forced to employ the most glaring contrasts—to plunge fine ladies into the house of a Highland laird, or bring a Highland lass in among the blue-stockings at Bath; and her work is superannuated these fifty years. Even Thackeray makes his task easier for himself than Miss Austen did; his oppositions were obvious; the life of the soldier or the Bohemian is naturally incompatible with that of the stockbroker or merchant, and a less skilful hand could have drawn out the contrast between Major Pendennis and old Costigan. But after all Thackeray would be the novelist of manners *par excellence* if he were not so much more. When subtlety of discrimination is needed it never fails, and the households of the prosperous Osbornes and the broken-down Sedleys are rendered in every detail with the same certain touch as Becky's card parties, or Lord Steyne's ball. But the genius of the novelist half obscures his art, and in thinking of Becky and Amelia we forget that, just to fill in the picture, he has accomplished what is the lifelong effort of laborious artists.

Recent fiction never attempts such a range as Thackeray's; it is prone to limit its study to a single class. Mr.

George Glissing, to name a typical example, has written the novel of manners with genuine talent. His "New Grub Street" is an amazing study of the people who live the most uncomfortable of all lives, between two classes; meeting on the stair that leads up and down from the recognized literary world. It is a sordid ascent, a squalid descent, as Mr. Glissing sees it, and that, perhaps, is why he is a neglected excellence. Mr. George Moore in "Esther Waters" gained a wider popularity with a study conceived in a similar spirit, but dealing with a class—the hanger-on of race-courses—whose lives are of more general interest, and have less frequently been treated in literature. But for the full measure of success the novel of manners must be the novel of Society—with a capital S. Mr. E. F. Benson recognized that fact some time ago, and made his profit out of it; his last book, "Mammon & Co.," gave the public what it wanted, a story about the sort of people with titles who not only are, but call themselves, "smart" (an adjective we find it hard to reconcile our ear to), with details about a bacarat party thrown in. The book was clever enough, but, without entering into the questions of taste which it suggests one has to object to its insincerity. A lady who misconducts herself without the excuse of passion is made to develop scruples which she certainly would not have felt; and this tampering with truth out of a desire to conciliate sympathy for a person who does not deserve it appears to us an offence against the morality of art. Mr. Benson gratifies at the same time the taste for scandal and the taste for false pathos; it is an achievement, but not one on which he is to be congratulated. Let us talk rather of two other novelists who come under the same classification—Miss Cholmondeley, who is much more talented than

Mr. Benson, and Miss Fowler, who is much more successful.

The first fact that strikes one about these ladies is the fact of their sex. They are both novelists who write stories exclusively about love, but who write them as social philosophers. They are both somewhat sententious and the main text of their moralizings is love. Consequently, one is led to the conclusion that the British public delights in novels which consist mainly in moralizings about love, and that it likes the moralizings about love to be done by unmarried women. One must distinguish however. Miss Cholmondeley, who is not nearly so lavish of her aphorisms, writes, it is true, like a woman with a limited outlook upon life, but she writes like a woman of the world. Miss Fowler writes like a clever girl. It is true that the public thinks her, and with some reason, to be extremely witty; but we have a shrewd suspicion that her readers also admire and buy her because she is so wise—almost as wise as Miss Corelli. That, however, is merely a matter of conjecture; our business is to say how the work of these two ladies, when taken as outstanding representatives of their art, impresses our most candid judgment.

Miss Cholmondeley does not date from yesterday, though her first notable success came after Miss Fowler's. "Red Pottage," the only one of her novels which "took the town by storm," appeared last autumn. The first of them, a story of less than the orthodox length, called "The Danvers Jewels," was published in 1887. As a piece of work it has no great merit, but it is of interest as proving that Miss Cholmondeley's first interest was in plot, and her first model Wilkie Collins. In this book the story—a story of wildly improbable robbery—is narrated in the first person by an elderly colonel who has that childlike faith in his own

knowledge of the world, which is certainly more characteristic of elderly colonels, when they happen to be stupid, than of any other type of stupid man. The trick of making a narrator unconsciously expose his own oddities and short-comings is one that had been worn rather threadbare in the generation to which Wilkie Collins belonged, and Miss Cholmondeley was no doubt conscious of the fact. But in one of the other characters she hit upon a type that interested her, and she made him the hero of her next novel which bore his name, "Sir Charles Danvers." About this book one need only say that it is a decidedly clever book with a good plot of the mechanical kind; that is to say, a plot in which interesting circumstances happen as they might conceivably have happened to those very people, and throughout which the characters behave consistently. A great plot is one like that of "Vanity Fair," in which the events arise naturally and inevitably out of the characters, with nothing arbitrary about it; but it is a difficult matter to invent a story, even with arbitrary elements, which shall be interesting and probable, and Miss Cholmondeley may fairly claim to have mastered this accomplishment at her second attempt. The book was in other ways characteristic; it showed a decided talent for that species of pointed moralizing, which is a natural embellishment of the novel of manners, as, for example, in this passage:—

If conformity to type is indeed the one great mark towards which humanity should press, Mrs. Thursby may honestly be said to have attained to it. Everything she said or did had been said or done before, or she would never have thought of saying or doing it. Her whole life was a feeble imitation of the imitative lives of others; in short, it was the life of the ordinary country gentlewoman, who lives on her husband's property, and who, as Au-



gustus Hare says, "has never looked over the garden wall."

It is tolerably obvious that this paragraph would have been materially improved by the omission of the last sentence; and in the book the effect of the opening epigram is further diluted by two full pages of expansion. However, satire always tends to be diffuse; and satire was in that novel, and in its successors, a main part of Miss Cholmondeley's intention, and the objects of her satire have changed very little. Intolerance of provincialism, intolerance of stupid women, intolerance of stupid religion—those are natural marks of a clever woman living most of her time in the country. There was a positive glut of stupid women in that book, and one of them, Mrs. Alwynn, the almost imbecile wife of the kind and scholarly rector (a marriage not accounted for by Miss Cholmondeley), was a positive caricature. Indeed, Lady Mary, Sir Charles's matchmaking and religious aunt, is little more human. Satire has a license to overcharge traits; but Miss Cholmondeley has throughout failed to realize that all the characters in a novel ought to bear the same relation to life. If you overcharge consistently, as, for instance, Lever did, or Disraeli, or Dickens, the general effect is consistent; but if you obey the modesty of nature in one chapter, you must not affront it in another. This point must be raised here; but it can best be illustrated from "Red Pottage."

"Diana Tempest," which appeared in 1893, was at least as good a book as the one which made such a sensation last year. It had really a capital plot, though, again, of the arbitrary Wilkie Collins order. Colonel Tempest is brother to Mr. Tempest, of Overleigh, and Mr. Tempest is dying. Mr. Tempest has an heir, born in wedlock, but illegitimate. Mr. Tempest knows this,

Colonel Tempest knows it, every one knows it; and the boy, though brought up as the heir, has never been treated as a son. But there is a deadly feud between the brothers, since Colonel Tempest ran away with his brother's fiancée; and for that reason the owner of Overleigh lets the hereditary home pass to one who has only his name, and not his blood, sooner than see it go to a Tempest who first robbed him of the woman and then maltreated her. Nevertheless, Colonel Tempest hopes against hope, and at the very last makes an attempt, described in an admirably dramatic scene, to win the succession for himself and his son, Archie. But by the plea he uses—invoking the memory of the woman whom he stole, with a lack of imaginative sympathy that is, as Miss Cholmondeley insists, the mark of the entirely selfish—he only embitters the wronged man; and Colonel Tempest returns to London separated from the great inheritance by the barrier of this boy John, who is called John Tempest. A disreputable ruffian, hanger on of gambling dens, learns the situation, and makes a horrible suggestion. Will Colonel Tempest lay ten bets of a thousand to one that he never succeeds to the estate? Colonel Tempest yields to the temptation; the tempter, Swayne, disappears; and thus a machinery is set in motion which the first mover cannot control. All this is a kind of first act or prologue; the real action of the book begins when John Tempest has come to manhood, after a youth of unaccountable dangers and escapes. He is on friendly terms with his uncle and his cousin Archie (whose debts he pays), and the woman he is in love with is Colonel Tempest's daughter Diana, who lives not with her father, but her grandmother, Mrs. Courtenay. The psychological crisis of the book comes when John, who has been arrested in the very act of declaring his love by a

last attempt at assassination, and has virtually learnt Diana's love for him by her behavior in his peril, discovers his illegitimacy in the first stages of his convalescence. The melodramatic climax follows, when John, having divested himself of name and estate, that his uncle, the legitimate heir, may succeed, accompanies Archie to Paris, before the affair is made public, and Archie is killed by the assassin in mistake for John.

The whole thing is melodramatic, perhaps; but it is very good melodrama. Once you concede the possibility of a gentleman who has given a commission to effect a murder of his nephew, there is no reason why the holder of the commission should not, so to say, sublet the actual killing to ten different persons, each of them ignorant of the other's mission. It is an ingenious idea, but the criminal classes do not lack for ingenuity; and the position in which it leaves Colonel Tempest, of continual intercourse with a man against whom he has directed an engine, without knowing when or how it will strike, is admirably melodramatic. It is not one of the situations which arise directly out of nature; it is too ingeniously contrived to be poetic; but it is certainly very well planned. The tension of never-ending suspense is excellently suggested, and the futile efforts to undo the work half done already in a moment of remorse, when he sees John half burnt to death, are fully in keeping with the nature described. For there is a great deal in the book that rises high above the level of melodrama. Colonel Tempest and his son are finely drawn types of the selfish spendthrift, whose leading passion is self-pity. John Tempest, the hero, is strongly and consistently presented from his lonely childhood upwards, and his personality makes a vehicle for Miss Cholmondeley's own thoughts about many things—but es-

pecially upon the moral influence of birth, and the passion of an ancient race for the beauty and associations of its hereditary home. Miss Cholmondeley, at all events, knows what race means, and what breeding means; and she does not exaggerate the moral qualities they connote, for Colonel Tempest and his son are strongly stamped with the mark of *noblesse*; but their *noblesse* repudiates its obligations. Mrs. Courtenay, Diana's grandmother, the old lady who retains her position at the top of the ladder, defraying by tact and personal charm her deficiencies in wealth, is a portrait of the *grande dame*, who is worldly and wise, without being more worldly wise than is quite excusable.

And Diana is charming—brilliant, high-spirited, and intolerant, with the natural intolerance of youth for mediocrity and pretence. She is one of the people who had rather be disappointed than expect too little; and the first scene in which she figures is one of keen satire upon loveless marriage. She uses all her eloquence to dissuade a friend from her engagement to an elderly and unattractive *flancé*, and she half prevails; but at the critical moment the French maid brings in two rolls of brocade, between which the bride that is to be has still to make her choice.

Madeleine sat up and gave a little sigh.

"If she gives them up, she will give him up too," thought Di. "This is the turning-point."

"Di," she said, earnestly, "which would you advise—the mauve or the white and gold? I always think you have such taste."

Di started. She saw by that one sentence that the die had been thrown, though Madeleine herself was not aware of it. The moments of our most important decisions are often precisely those in which nothing seems to have been decided; and only long after-

wards, when we perceive with astonishment that the Rubicon has been crossed, do we realize that in that half-forgotten instant of hesitation as to some apparently unimportant side issue, in that unconscious movement that betrayed a feeling of which we were not aware, our choice was made. The crises of our life come like the kingdom of heaven—without observation. Our characters and not our deliberate actions decide for us; and even when the moment of crisis is apprehended at the time by the troubling of the water, action is generally a little late. Character, as a rule, steps down first. It was so with Madeleine.

Sir Henry owed his bride to the exactly timed appearance of a mauve brocade sprinkled with silver *fleurs-de-lis*. The maid turned it lightly, and the silver threads gleamed through the rich pale material.

"It is perfect," said Madeleine in a hushed voice; "absolutely perfect. Don't you think so, Di? And she says she will do it for forty guineas, as she is making me other things. The front is to be a silver gauze over plain mauve satin to match, and the train of the brocade. The white and gold is nothing to it."

"It is very beautiful," said Di, looking at it with a kind of horror. It seemed to her at the moment as if every one had his price.

That is decidedly good satire, delicate and intelligent; and the scene is dramatically sound, for it indicates better than anything else could, Diana's fundamental characteristics—a youthful generosity of courage and of scorn. We have only to regret that the chapter is injured by a fault of taste where Madeleine Thesinger, in her defence, says: "I can't go back now. It is wicked to break off an engagement. God would be very angry with me." And Miss Cholmondeley comments: "It is difficult to argue with any one who can make a Jorkins of the Almighty." Witty enough, no doubt, but Miss Cholmondeley can afford to leave out such witty things.

One criticism should be made before

we leave "Diana Tempest." On the whole the motives assigned to the characters are sound and natural throughout, though an arbitrary plot almost always entails a conventional psychology. But at one point the action lapses into pure convention. When John Tempest discovers the secret of his birth he is already morally bound to Diana. She is in London waiting for him to speak, and he knows what her answer will be. Let it be granted that from his point of view the marriage has become impossible; he owes to her at least the promptest explanation. Instead of that, he is made to leave her in doubt, presumably with the expectation that when she learns the secret she will guess his motive; but for the time being the bitterest of wounds is inflicted on her pride. Now, it is only in plays and books that people behave like that; in real life they have a common-sense instinct to avoid the infliction of unnecessary pain. Miss Cholmondeley overlooks this elementary fact, and in order to secure an extra complication in her plot makes John Tempest behave as no considerate man could have behaved to the woman whom he loved, and who had all but openly avowed her love for him.

"Red Pottage" is, at all events for the purpose of the present review, the most important of these books; it conforms more closely than the others to the type of the novel of manners. There is, of course, the same leading interest of a psychological study under arbitrary exciting circumstances. As most people know, in the first chapter Hugh Scarlett, at the very moment when he desires to escape from his *liaison* with Lady Newhaven, finds himself forced by Lord Newhaven into a duel of a novel kind. Lord Newhaven presents two paper lighters, one of which Hugh is to draw; the man with whom the short lighter remains is to kill himself within five months.

Hugh accepts, draws the short lighter, and finds himself condemned not merely to death, but to the decision of his own death and the torture of suspense—the same torture as destroyed Colonel Tempest's reason. It is an ingenious idea, and the working out is skilful and plausible; but the best things in the book lie outside of this ingenuity. There are many figures and most of them live; they say the things and do the things that they would have done, and say and do them in a personal way. Dick Vernon, the colonial man of many devices, and the wise, kind old bishop, are minor characters worthy of Trollope—and Miss Cholmondeley is never heavy-handed as Trollope sometimes was. Her two principal women—Rachel West and Hester Gresley—are finely drawn, and in Hester, the writer of books, she has contrived to suggest a touch of real genius—defined by contrast with the spurious article, the crowd of pretentious charlatans who assemble in the train of Sybell Loftus. The satiric intention is everywhere apparent in the book—satire sometimes explicit, sometimes teaching by examples. Lady Newhaven is Madeleine over again—the shallow, brainless woman, who makes a pretence of passion and religion, and drifts into intrigues under color of a moral mission to attractive but erring young men. Miss Cholmondeley is merciless to her, but perhaps not unjust. Her sketch of the literary and artistic affectations and hypocrisies is not strong enough nor lifelike enough to be taken quite seriously. But the central object of her attack is in this, as in all her books, the mean outgrowths of religion. "*Corruptio optimi pessima*;" and she attacks religious hypocrisy and religious bigotry with the passion of one who believes profoundly that the highest meaning of religion is to welcome and cherish any natural goodness, looking in a spirit of

love for whatever is sincere. Yet a satirist who is that and nothing more, is an advocate or an accuser, and has no call to be just:—a novelist cannot afford to be unjust to one character. Trollope, for instance, is never unjust to Mrs. Proudle. Miss Cholmondeley somewhat overcolors her parson, the Reverend James Gresley, Hester's brother. One need not dwell on the question of consanguinity, though another hand might have made traceable some family resemblance; let us simply take the alleged facts. Hester has been brought up in London with her aunt Lady Susan Gresley, and her own personal attractions of wit and breeding have made her something of a personage, some one sought after, even before her book was published and earned a brilliant success. Lady Susan had died, and Hester had gone into the country to live with her clergyman brother. This gives Miss Cholmondeley her chance to indicate the contrast not only between types but between classes, and she profits by it with enthusiasm. It is perfectly natural that Hester should find the qualities which made her a personage in London simply ignored in the country. In London she is a little person with a delicate and charming humor, courted by the set of people who have the sense of such qualities; in the country she is simply an unmarried woman, and in the country, as she finds to her consternation, your intimates are decided for you, not by affinity but by distance; you call your next-door neighbors by their Christian names. Naturally, the case is more than a little over-stated. Social talent finds its value in the country, as, for instance, Mr. George Meredith well knows; and it is not everybody in London who divides people into desirable and undesirable, according as they are agreeable or dull. But though no one can reasonably object to a certain emphasis there is a dis-

inction between portraiture and caricature. Hester is a portrait, Hester's brother's wife even is a portrait, though certainly no agreeable one, but Hester's brother approaches a caricature; an effective caricature, undoubtedly, for the intolerant, narrow-minded parson is by no means hard to find, and views upon the Dissenters such as Mr. Gresley expresses are sometimes expressed; yet still he is exaggerated, and, therefore, out of key with the rest. It is hardly conceivable that an educated man and a gentleman could be unaware of what was signified by such a success as is attributed to Hester's first book; and no man knowing that would think himself at liberty to burn the manuscript of its successor, the book which had been painfully brought to birth under his uncongenial roof. Such a man would certainly have felt himself entitled first to read the manuscript when it fell into his hands, just as he would hold himself entitled to open and read his wife's letters; and he might very possibly feel bound to take strong measures expressive of his disapprobation. He might, for instance, have told his sister that if the book were published he could no longer receive her in his house. But to stretch the *patria potestas* so far as to burn a valuable book which had been actually sold is a thing that no man could or would have done in the remotest country village. Yet the story hinges upon his doing so—in so far as it hinges on anything but the incident of the lighters. And, indeed, in this respect the book is inferior to "Diana Tempest," for whereas Diana affords a natural focus, a connecting link between the designs of Colonel Tempest and the designs of John, Rachel West, the woman whom Hugh Scarlett loves, divides the interest with Hester, and there is a certain want of unity resulting.

But one may recognize gratefully

that once these deductions are made the book remains a clever and extremely interesting book. And, although Mr. Gresley's portrait may be exaggerated in many details it is excellent reading. There is, for instance, the story of a temperance meeting sadly shattered by an address from Dick Vernon, the colonial, that endears itself to every one who has suffered from teetotal oratory. And the children, as everywhere in Miss Cholmondeley's books, are capital. Moreover, the philosophy of the end is a wise and kindly philosophy worthy of the bishop who dictates it. The issue of the duel is decided halfway through the book. Lord Newhaven waits until his anticipation verifies itself, and Hugh Scarlett fails to carry out the compact; then the drawer of the winning lot shows the doomed man how to die. But Hugh is held to life by his love for Rachel and his knowledge that the love is returned; and Rachel, like Lady Newhaven, believes that in the duel Lord Newhaven was the loser. Hugh has not the courage to undeceive her. But when all has seemed to settle down, and forgetfulness begins its work on Hugh's light nature, a message comes from the dead—a letter left by Lord Newhaven to be delivered a month after his death to his wife. It tells her the secret and arms her with a weapon, for she looks to Hugh to marry her; and when he refuses to do so, the truth is told in Rachel's presence, and he owns to it. Rachel turns on her lover with terrible scorn, and he goes out into a hell of remorse. Then the bishop, learning the whole story, tells her—what Miss Cholmondeley has learnt, we believe, from Maeterlinck, the gentlest of modern apostles—the duty and the responsibility laid upon her by love. The man has loved her, and he has broken his death-bond because of it; he has loved her, and has lied to her because of it; and at



last, when he has her utter trust, with the means of successful deceit still in his grasp, he has reached a point at which he can lie to her no more, and he gives up his whole hope of happiness. Will she fall him now? Gradually the bishop urges upon her the truth that love is bound by its own insight; that she is committed, not to reject her lover because his act has proved him false to the conception she had formed of him, but rather to labor to shape his life into full accord with love's judgment of him. The measure of her duty is not his worthiness or unworthiness, but his need of her. And at the end Rachel consents, though Miss Cholmondeley does not condemn her to the lifelong sacrifice, but passes on Hugh a gentle sentence of death.

The scene between Rachel and the bishop is a fine scene, and an intensely dramatic scene. At this time, when novelists who have any gift but that of drama are dramatizing, or causing to be dramatized, their works, why does not Miss Cholmondeley write a play? A scene like that between John Tempest and his real father is ready for the stage. But one may congratulate her on possessing the power of invention which can compass situations that instantly stir us with a sense of drama; and, moreover, at least one admirable touch of the romantic invention may be adduced from "Red Pottage." When Hugh Scarlett goes out, driven by all the furies, from Rachel's bitter words, he has no clear thought, but only a vague prompting to find a refuge in death, and his feet lead him half consciously to the spot where a few months before he gave up his life for lost in the water till Lord Newhaven and another drew him out. Clearer and clearer the thought grows, and at last he knows where he is going, and runs as if to a wished goal through the bitter winter evening, recognizing familiar landmarks by the way, till, as he

reaches the spot, he is suddenly confronted with what his madness had forgotten—the impenetrable ice. That is really a fine piece of divination, and we, too, like Hugh, forget—like him, are surprised, and are at once astonished and delighted by the justness of the conception.

It will appear from what has been said that Miss Cholmondeley is not in the first instance a novelist of manners. Her chief concern is plot and dramatic or melodramatic psychology. But in so far as she is a satirist—in her study, for instance, of the Gresleys and their neighbors the Pratts, or of Mrs. Loftus and her pseudo-literary coterie, and in the contrast suggested between them and persons like Lord Newhaven, Rachel West, and the bishop, who are bound together not by proximity but by a community of taste and ideas, in a word, by culture—she is making her contribution to the novel of manners, setting down as she sees them certain contemporary types, fashions and societies. What is secondary with Miss Cholmondeley is of primary importance in Miss Fowler's amazingly successful books. She has written three novels, and in each of them the same material does duty, a smartly written presentment of London fashionable life (as Miss Fowler conceives or knows it), and a contrast to this—not suggested but doubly underlined—which is afforded by life in a midland manufacturing town, called in the books Silverhampton, but fairly to be identified with Wolverhampton—of which place, as every one knows, Sir Henry Fowler is a distinguished citizen. And each book is held together by a single personality—that of a clever, shrewish young woman who alternates between a quiet Dissenting household and the ballrooms and country houses of very fine folk indeed—importing into each environment a point of view derived from the other. Plot

there is none, or such a tissue of absurdities as is worse than none. Isabel Carnaby is a fashionable young woman who loses her heart to Paul Seaton, the son of a Wesleyan minister. They meet at a country house where Paul is acting as tutor; they become engaged, and Isabel behaves so unbearably to her *flancé* that he breaks off the engagement and devotes his whole energies to literature. Six months later appears a novel which enjoys the success of scandal that is only created by a book in which characters can be identified. The authorship is attributed to Paul, who admits it; the virtuous Wesleyan household is deeply grieved, but urges him to retrieve the error by a book as improving as the other had been demoralizing, and he accepts the mission and becomes famous with a romance of lofty ideals. The only obstacle in his way is the black mark left against him by the first book; and at last Isabel, contrite and miserable, explains to Paul's parents that she and not Paul had been the author of it, and so all ends happily. This is not a very credible story, but much more so than the "Double Thread," its successor. In that a young soldier becomes acquainted with twin sisters, one a great heiress living luxuriously in London, the other a working gentlewoman on holiday in a country cottage. He makes love to the poor one, and the rich one makes love to him; every inducement is used to make him shift his allegiance, including at the last a charge of theft; for the poor sister has given him a priceless pink diamond and the rich one has lost a similar stone. He is much too high and noble even to ask for an explanation, and at last is confounded beyond measure by the intelligence that the twin sisters are not two but one and the same. His behavior when he learns this fact is not a little ridiculous. Miss Fowler's men are the most

arbitrary inventions that we are acquainted with. In the latest of her books, "The Farringtons," there is a third edition of the same young lady, who finds herself the heiress of great ironworks only upon condition that the legitimate heir does not appear. Her lover is the manager of the works and her trustee. We are asked to believe that this gentleman—who knows himself to be the missing claimant, and who has every reason to believe that Elizabeth, his lifelong playmate, has a very great kindness for him—not merely suppresses his claim but actually lacks the spirit to ask the girl to marry him, though he is devoted to her with his whole soul. Let us admit that he might conceivably have refused to claim the inheritance; surely even a young lady might know that if a man desires a woman, and sees his way to a marriage settlement that would in all ways be ideal, he does, as a rule, at least try his luck, even though the lady may once have spoken shrewishly to him.

Nor is there, strictly speaking, any power of depicting character in these books. The heroine is alive undoubtedly, but her behavior is unthinkable. A woman who cares for a man may hurt him to the heart in sheer wantonness, but if she does, she will always give him a chance for reconciliation. Isabel Carnaby, it is true, does so, but Elfrida-Ethel is frankly impossible, and Elizabeth Farrington not to be believed. As for the minor characters they are lay figures, and not consistent lay figures at that. There is a wicked old uncle in "The Double Thread," who begins as if he were an imitation of Lord Frederick Fane in "Diana Tempest," but before the book is over settles down into a philosophy and a vein of sentiment that would do credit to any Sunday school. In "Isabel Carnaby" there is an agreeable description of the Seaton household, but when

Isabel comes down to stay, Miss Fowler is so anxious to demonstrate that Methodists may be cultured persons with a sense of humor that she makes not only Paul, but his sister, say as smart things, and just the same sort of smart things, as the witty young woman from town.

There we come to the one quality which no one can deny Miss Fowler. She is really witty. Some one said of Voltaire that "*il a plus que tout le monde l'esprit que tout le monde a.*" It may be said of Miss Fowler that she has at least as much as any contemporary of the commonest wit. Apt comparisons, little quaintnesses of expression, come as readily to her as puns or verbal antithesis. If one compares her work with a book like "*The Cardinal's Snuff-box*," the advantage does not seem to a lover of literature to rest with the lady. Mr. Harland's wit may be over-elaborate at times, but it has a grace, a charm of fancy, and above all an intellectual quality that mark it off as purely individual. Whereas when Miss Cholmondeley makes her heroine say of Captain Pratt that "*he is not a bounder, but he is on the boundary line*," she hits upon a form of words that might also have occurred to Miss Fowler; and any bookseller will tell you that this is the wit that sells. Miss Fowler will give it you in any quantity; she will even explain it to those who are not "*gleg i' the uptak*." For instance:

Mrs. Martin was an extremely amusing woman, but she herself had no idea of this; she imagined she is only dignified and edifying. She once said: "*Although my husband is a rich man and county magistrate, he has the fear of the Lord before his eyes.*" And she had no idea that there was anything humorous in this use of the conjunction *although*.

The story is a good story, and the trait is really illustrative. Yet surely

Miss Fowler might have left us to find out when to laugh, and why. But she knows her public, and her public no more resents the explanation of a joke than it rebels against the sloppy repetition of the sloppy phrase "*had no idea.*" Here is a more extended example of that brilliancy in dialogue upon which Miss Fowler's reputation is established.

"I always wonder how the women with pretty noses carry on their advertising department. Of course when we have good eyes we call attention to the same by making use of eye-service as men-pleasers, so to speak; and when we have good teeth we smile as often as is compatible with the reputation for sanity, and we frequently complain of the toothache."

"Oh, is that your plan of campaign? I have often wondered how teeth as white as yours are can ache as much as you say they do; but now I understand it is only a ruse."

"You misjudge me there, Aunt Caroline. I know my teeth are pretty, but they are merely little devils disguised as angels of light, for I have inherited an estate of fine and extensive achers. But you haven't yet informed me how the well-nosed women call attention to their stock-in-trade."

"My dear, when the thing is as plain as the nose on your face it does not require any advertisement, according to proverbial philosophy."

"It is not when it is plain that the necessity arises," continued Isabel; "but only when it is pretty."

That is undeniably witty, but also it is undeniably vulgar; and this continuous crackle of petty verbal smartnesses wearies beyond expression. In "*The Farringtons*" there are conversations—one in particular, which passes between a crowd of people on Lady Silverhampton's houseboat—that really have a strong resemblance to the sort of nonsense that is talked by witty people talking nonsense. But the thing for which the personal charm of voice and manner gains a ready welcome

shrinks sadly when it comes to be written down; the atmosphere it bloomed in has departed and leaves it in a chilly world. Talk is naturally loose in form, and requires to be braced up and to undergo a severe process of selection and arrangement before it will bear the cold light of print. So at least it seems to us, and Miss Fowler has no sense of literary form. In addition to that she makes her characters mouthpieces for *ex cathedra* utterances upon art, literature, morals, religion and theology. The utterances are well meant; Miss Fowler is only too conscious of her responsibilities as a teacher; but they evince a lamentable crudeness of intelligence. In the beginning of "The Farringtons" we are particularly occupied with Elizabeth's research into the basis of revealed religion under the guidance of an agreeable young sceptic. It is to be hoped that faith will never encounter a more formidable adversary. One may skip all this, but it is impossible not to be annoyed by the touch of false tragedy when we read how this same amateur inquirer finds himself converted to a faith in immortality by the death of his little son and the longing it breeds, yet unable to convert again the foolish little wife whom (in default of Elizabeth) he has married and perverted.

Perhaps all this criticism amounts merely to an assertion that Miss Fowler is young and not very fully educated (she is capable, for instance, of writing "euphony" when she means "euphemism"). But we are considering her as an artist, and as an artist she is liable to the reproach of ignoring her own limitations. And her wit is a snare to her. "Dear friend, let us never try to be funny," remarks a character in "The Farringtons." Miss Fowler should write up over her work-table, "Dar friend, let us never try to be too funny." The Silverhampton picnic is an awful example. Also the de-

sire for antithesis natural to a wit betrays her into sad faults of taste. A lady at Silverhampton "went to sleep one night in a land whose stones are of iron, and awoke next morning in a country whose pavements are of gold." That is bad enough. But when Elizabeth has found out through her lover's all but mortal illness the act of self-abnegation to which she has owed her wealth, there is a worse lapse. She comes to his bedside to tell him that she loves him and has always loved him.

"How did you find it out, my dearest?" he asked at last.

"Through finding out that you loved me. It seems to me that my love was always lying in the bank at your account; but until you gave a cheque for it you couldn't get at it. And the cheque was my knowing that you cared for me."

No doubt he is her trustee, and the association of ideas may be held to have suggested the metaphor; but a young lady who could be so ingenious at such a moment would surely be a strange animal.

Success which overshadows the merit of other and finer writers naturally prejudices a lover of literature against the successful one, and we may be unfair to Miss Fowler. We cannot take her picture of society seriously; she knows not enough of life or of the world. But she is witty, she is shrewd, and she may live to be more discriminating in her selection of epigrams; and if she is wise she will return to the genuine sources of her talent. By far the best thing in her books is the study of Martha, the old servant in the Seaton household—a character who gives her creator fair claim to rank not merely as a wit, but as a humorist. It is a depressing circumstance that Miss Fowler's books have certainly not improved as they went on—in this re-

spect or in any other. In "The Double Thread" a very dull old gardener afforded comic relief with Malapropisms; in "The Farringdons" a couple of old women made a chorus of little attraction. However, Miss Fowler is assured of a huge popularity, probably for the term of her literary life. To compare her with a genuine artist like Miss Broughton would be an injustice to both ladies, but Miss Fowler has the immediate vogue that goes to the chronicler of momentary phases.

As to Miss Cholmondeley it is more difficult to forecast the future. Her work has a fine intellectual distinction, and, as we have shown, unusual con-

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structive power, yet somehow one cannot look forward confidently to any such advance as would give her a permanent place in literature. Still we recognize gratefully that her books are not only pleasant to read, but are likely to exercise a salutary influence on morals and manners, for they are written by a woman who is evidently in touch, socially and intellectually, with the best culture of the day. Her philosophy of conduct and opinion is not paraded in detached passages, but it underlies the whole texture of her work, and there is nothing cheap or secondhand about it; such as it is, it is genuinely assimilated.

## A REAL TREASURE.

### CHAPTER I.

"It is quite useless, Mummy," said the eldest daughter, a comely woman and the mother of several comely children, "all your nice little schemes and plans to provide John with a wife are quite thrown away; he will never marry."

"Then he falls in his duty, my dear," said the charming, prim old lady with the white hair who sat at the head of the long table, round which were grouped her daughters and daughters-in-law and grandchildren. The occasion was the annual gathering of the Whipp family at the old home near Brierly-Stoke. Some of its members lived in Brierly-Stoke itself, and could walk out to the White House on any afternoon or evening; but others were settled at a greater distance, one son in London and a daughter in Manchester, and it had been a long-established custom that they should all meet once a year at Grannie's. The women folk

and children arrived early, in good time for Grannie's one o'clock lunch, while the fathers, sons and brothers joined them in the evening.

"Is it everybody's duty to marry?" asked Ethel, the youngest daughter, who ruled Grannie (though she did not know it) at the White House. "What would you say to me, Mummy, if I were to desert you some fine day for the sake of a mere man?"

"I hope you will desert me, my dear," said the old lady, with dignity, "when the right person comes to claim you. Marriage is the happiest and safest condition of life for both sexes.

"Now, Mummy," said Ethel reproachfully, "it isn't fair to bully me when you know I am the only eligible unmarried person present and have nobody to stick up for me. No, Kitty," she said in parenthesis to her eldest niece, "you are really *not* grown up at seventeen. Of course all the others will agree with Mummy; they are in for matrimony and they can't get out of



it, so they pretend it is we single ones who are to be pitied. I declare I'll make up to Cousin John to-night and sympathize with him. We'll start a Society for the Defence of the Unmarried against arch schemers like Mummy."

"Mummy's doctrines will never prevail," said the second son's wife, "so long as John has Eliza Jones to manage for him; she makes him too comfortable."

"Eliza would make an excellent servant under a firm mistress," said the old lady judicially, "but John is ruining her by placing her in a position of authority."

"John will never believe a word against his treasure."

"It's odd," said a whimsical voice, "but I wonder what connection there is between John and strawberries? Just at this very minute every year—oh Prissy, what a mess you are making of your pinafore!—we begin to discuss him; it wouldn't be so surprising if he came up with the beef, but there's really nothing suggestive of sweetness about John."

They all laughed, and the talk was turned upon some other members of the large connection. The Whipps were a very united family, and it was a recognized duty at those yearly meetings to inquire after every member of the clan, even to second and third cousins. John, as old Mrs. Whipp's eldest nephew, was for a variety of reasons an object of chief interest. For one, he was the most prosperous of the Whipps, and as a private banker held a position of some importance in the little market town and the country beyond it. There had been another Whipp, a junior partner in the bank, when John succeeded his father, but this cousin had died young, leaving his widow and daughters to John's care. John had faithfully looked after them—not always an easy task—until the widow had mar-

ried again and taken her children with her to Australia.

Perhaps it was the burden of this ready-made family that had hindered him from thinking of marriage while he was young, but there was certainly no excuse for his remaining a bachelor after Ada had captured her rich squatter and the girls had made good matches in the Bush. Aunt Anne, who lived with him, was certainly no reason, for Aunt Anne, besides being old and invalided, wouldn't have contended with a fly. But here was John arrived at forty, beginning to get stout, decidedly gray at the temples, and still wifeless! So that every year at the White House feast there was the same lively wonder as to whether Mummy's attacks upon the fortress of John's heart were making any impression. Mummy herself was beginning to be a little discouraged, for the pretty girls and the good girls and the sensible girls whom in turn she recommended (but with the utmost artfulness and tact) to John's notice were finding more appreciative lovers and husbands, and there was almost no one left but her own Ethel, whom, for some inscrutable and entirely feminine reason, she would not willingly have resigned to John.

When asked why her ardor for John's happiness stopped short at this sacrifice, she would answer with reserve that they were first cousins, and first cousins should certainly not marry.

Ethel, had she been questioned, would have advanced a still more conclusive reason. Nothing would induce her to marry a man whom you couldn't by any possibility call Jack, who was fat and forty, and who thought of nothing but his dinner.

When John Whipp reached the White House that evening, the family with the exception of the babies, who had been put to bed, was assembled on the lawn. They greeted him heartily, the

Manchester cousin, and the London cousin, and the Brierly-Stoke cousin, who had gone some months before on a voyage to Australia and had just got home in time for Grannie's *fête*. They chaffed him in their light-hearted way too.

"Not married yet, John? Why, man, for what piece of perfection are you waiting? Is there nobody good enough to reign at Laurel Grove?"

"Don't say that! It will make it so hard for 'the not impossible she' who may yet be Mrs. John."

"You will soon be left quite unsupported, the sole bachelor in a much married family. Even Evan has deserted to our side." Evan was the young cousin who had been in Australia, and came back to find his fate awaiting him at home.

The eldest daughter, a pillowy, comfortable creature with a cooling voice, drew the bashful, blushing Evan forward.

"If it isn't against your principles," she said, "won't you congratulate the boy and the Mummy, John? You truly may."

"Is this another of Aunt Emily's diplomatic triumphs?" John's dark face looked pleasant when he smiled. "Why, of course, Evan, boy, I wish you joy with all my heart. Do I know the lady?"

"Such a dear girl—such a sweet girl," came a chorus of feminine voices. "A Miss Birch, the granddaughter of a school friend of Grannie's. She would have been here to-day, only her mother fell ill and she had to go home. Some people have such ill luck in their illnesses."

John left the lawn and went up to the veranda, where, under the nodding orange-blossoms of the William Allan Richardson, the old lady sat in a basket-chair with a little court about her. John bent and kissed the little white hand.

"I hear you've been playing fairy god-mother again, Aunt Emily, and your benevolent schemes have succeeded as usual."

"Ah, John, you will never let me scheme benevolently for you."

Nevertheless she was very gracious to him, taking his arm when the dinner was announced. It was always John's privilege as the head of the family to be seated next her at the June dinner. And though she disapproved of him in some ways, and his obstinacy piqued her, she could not but be sympathetic and kind when he confided in her that he was very much bothered and worried, and had scarcely thought he should be able to dine at the White House that day, for Eliza, his housekeeper, had fallen ill with an acute attack of the rheumatism to which she was subject.

She recognized the seriousness of the situation, for Eliza, though Grannie thought her too forward and managing, was undoubtedly a very valuable servant; she was also without comparison the best cook in Brierly-Stoke or for many miles round it; indeed it was Brierly-Stoke's firm opinion that she couldn't be beaten in a test of skill even by the French artiste Sir James Hall brought from town while his house was full at the shooting season.

"The worst of it is," said John, feeling the relief of a good grumble, "I've invited some men for whom I specially wanted things right to dine on the 20th, and Dr. Gibson says Eliza won't be up and about again for three or four weeks. It's an awkward fix, and I don't know where to turn for help. They can't cook anything fit to eat at the Red Lion, or I might have taken them there."

"You can have Cole, and welcome."

But John shook his head gloomily. Cole could compass nothing but the plain family dinner—the fish and joints and sweets Grannie spread liberally be-

fore her guests. But to John's mind to sit down to such a board was not to dine at all, but simply to eat in order to satisfy appetite. Eliza had been in John's service twelve years, ever since he built Laurel Grove and settled himself there. At first he had been proud of her skill and the reputation it gave him—for he practised a very generous hospitality—as the giver of the most refined and best-thought-out little dinners, but by-and-by, perhaps because he had no worthier object with which to fill his life, he learnt to prize her cooking for its own sake, and became something of an epicure in his way. At least it was understood in the family that when you asked John to dinner you had to be very particular indeed over the *ménu*. So all felt but Grannie, who said in her sweet dignified way that she and Cole were twenty years behind the rest of the world, too old to learn new-fangled ways, and that what had been good enough for John's parents ought to be good enough for himself and his friends.

Yet quite early next morning Grannie was seated in her carriage, and being driven over to Laurel Grove to see if there was nothing she could suggest for Eliza's comfort. One of the London and two of the Manchester grandchildren, privileged as visitors, were seated on the roomy opposite seat of the old-fashioned barouche, and they promised to be very good and quiet when Grannie got out at the gate of Laurel Grove.

Grannie did not quite like having to walk up the long straight path between the laurels which christened the villa. She thought it an inconvenient arrangement for wet days, and if she disapproved of John's dinners she also disapproved of his house. It was too new, too modern. He ought to have lived in an older house and kept more servants; more servants are always wanted in an old house, where there are

no baths or gas or other conveniences—but then the dignity it confers! Grannie thought a great deal of dignity.

Yet she was gentleness itself with the angry and perturbed Eliza, who tossed about on her pillows, and said she couldn't but think Providence had made a mistake, and meant to humble some other Eliza Jones—the name was common enough she supposed—for whatever in the name of wonder would Mr. John do without her?

"Compose yourself, Eliza," said Mrs. Whipp soothingly, "my nephew will not suffer."

"And a dinner party coming on and me lying here!" cried Eliza, making another attempt at a flounce and stopping short with a groan. "What will become of the credit of the house with nobody but that little fool Jane to depend on—a girl as would lose her head if it wasn't tight on her neck."

Before the thought of such a calamity Eliza broke down in helpless sniffs, and Grannie found herself committed to all sort of rash promises of help and succor, in which it was easy to see, from the petulant shoulder she turned upon her consoler, Eliza put not the smallest faith.

In truth, it was a defenceless household without the redoubtable Eliza to order its goings. Miss Anne Whipp was making a pretence of breakfasting in bed when Grannie knocked at her door, but the tea was colorless and the toast flabby; Miss Anne, the most unassertive of human beings, ate it meekly. She was a very tall woman, with a long weak back and a tendency to neuralgia, for which reason she was seldom seen without a strip of red flannel pinned round her face. Grannie, delicately upright, her white china *crêpe* shawl beautifully draped about her slim shoulders, looked much the younger of the two, though in reality she was ten years cousin Anne's senior. They discussed the situation, Miss

Anne with many gentle laments and "poor dears" and "such a pity"s, Grannie still with a resolute front, though she quailed a little as she looked at the scorched raw toast. Rack her brains as she might, she could think of no one to fill the breach; Brierly-Stoke was ill supplied with notable women waiting emergencies, and as for the itinerant char-woman, Grannie had all an old-fashioned housekeeper's horror of her slipshod services.

"Cole shall come up and put Jane in the way of things, and see about dinner," she decided, "and John must bring his friends to the White House. They shall have a plain, well-cooked meal, and if they can't eat it, why, then, they deserve to go without."

As she was leaving the room Miss Anne called after her in a flutter. Aunt Anne was one of the women who always reserve the tit-bits of their news for a postscript.

"Oh, Emily, I heard yesterday—Eliza heard it from the milkman in the morning before she gave in and was forced to go to bed—that Nancy Seaward is home again. She has lost her situation through no fault of her own, poor dear, and is looking out for something else."

"Dear me," said Grannie, "I wish I had known. She should have spent the day with us yesterday."

Nancy Seaward was only a third cousin, but she had Whipp blood in her veins on her mother's side, and, diluted as it was, Grannie loyally recognized its claim.

"We might drive to Roots," she thought as she walked daintily down between the laurels, holding up her silken skirts; "it wouldn't take long, and it would please the children, and I can explain to Nancy that I didn't know she was at home."

The three white sun-bonnets nodded delighted acquiescence as Grannie propounded her scheme. They had behaved beautifully, only Prissy had fallen out

by mistake and soiled her little white cotton gloves; but she hadn't cried. Grannie dusted the gloves with her handkerchief, kissed the heroine, and, when the direction had been distinctly repeated to old Peter the coachman, they proceeded very comfortably on their way.

"Never shout to a deaf person," said Grannie, improving the occasion, "a clear enunciation is much more important."

The little scholars never minded Grannie's mild lectures; they did not suppose for a moment they were meant to understand them.

## CHAPTER II.

The farm of Roots lay about three miles outside the town. It was small and not very productive, and hard times had pressed sorely on Thomas Seaward, who had, indeed, never been a prosperous man. That was why Nancy, the youngest, went out to help other people; the five sisters remaining at home more than sufficed for all there was to do. Grannie, seated in the prim best parlor, greeted them in detachments as they bustled in from dairy and poultry yard—big, bouncing, voluble, fresh-faced young women with hearty manners that just a little overwhelmed her. She was glad when they carried the children off to drink bowls of cream and see the ducklings, and Nancy came to her alone. Nancy was altogether different from her sisters; she looked like nothing in the parlor except the flowers in the blue bowl which were due to her inspiration. She had their freshness, their unconsciousness. She was tall and straight, her hair dark brown, her eyes the deep gray which looks black in certain lights. In her lavender print she had a certain air of Quakerish sobriety and reliance that met with Grannie's approval.

"My dear," she said, "if I had only known you were at Roots you should have been asked to the White House yesterday. Of course I knew that Susan and Martha and the others could not be spared; but you are holiday making, I hear."

"I am looking out for some work. Henry, the dairyman, brought the news yesterday that Mr. John Whipp's housekeeper is ill. Do you think he would allow me to supply her place—as cook, of course, and under her directions, until she recovers?"

The appeal was simple and direct; hope flashed into Grannie's face, and faded again.

"You are very young," she said anxiously.

"Twenty-two," said Nancy calmly.

"So much? You have the Whipp knack of keeping your youth, child. But even at twenty-two you cannot have much experience, and Mr. John is very, very particular."

"I can cook a little," said Nancy modestly.

"But, my dear, I thought you were a lady help!"

"A help, but not a lady," said Nancy, with a little smile. "I don't think the two go together; at least, you cannot be a help if you put the lady first."

"What, then, were your duties?"

"Something of everything." Nancy looked at her hands, which seemed to know the meaning of work. "Colonel and Mrs. Purchase were as nice as possible to me; they would have liked me to go abroad with them, but father objected. They are both old and delicate, and—rather dependent on others"—she smiled again. "Colonel Purchase liked dainty food, and I think I learned to please him."

Grannie listened with growing approval. Nancy was modest and yet self-reliant; she had no false pride. It would be tempting Fate to refuse so manifest a gift at her hands.

"If I could be sure it was quite right," she murmured wistfully, "but I am afraid you will find Eliza's temper trying. To be sure there is Miss Whipp; she would be very kind to you, but she is an invalid too, and would only add to your cares. You are so young, and"—Grannie did not add "pretty," but all at once it struck her with a kind of shock that Nancy with the pink color of excitement in her cheeks and her earnest black-lashed gray eyes was beautiful. "My dear, I don't know if it would be right."

"Let me try," said Nancy. "If I don't suit him then I can come home again."

But Grannie would not consent without a family consultation, and as many of the Seawards as could be gathered at such short notice were summoned to the parlor. Thomas Seaward was at market, but his eldest daughter would answer for him. They relinquished Nancy with the utmost cheerfulness; she was always happiest when she was busy, and there was really nothing for her to do at home but to idle about in the garden. If she had been a boy it would have been another story, but there were girls enough and to spare at Roots already! In the end Nancy found herself seated by Grannie in the carriage, the children opposite, and her little portmanteau on the box beside Peter.

"I hope the experiment will answer," said Grannie to herself, as for the second time that day she left Laurel Grove, "but"—She pursed her lips and shook her head.

John Whipp was dining with a friend that night and did not return to Laurel Grove till late. The occasion was not one of ceremony, and he went straight from the bank without going home to dress. So that the clock in the hall was striking one and his household was hushed in sleep by the time he discov-



ered Grannie's little note secured to the pin-cushion in his bedroom. Nancy Seaward—which was Nancy? He had a confused memory of a number of bouncing, dark-eyed, roguish young women seen in the rare visits paid by him to Roots, and it crossed him with a faint sense of annoyance that one of them should be presiding over his disorganized household. Aunt Emily had surely failed in her usual perfect tact. If the girl had not been a relative—but a cousin, even if it were but in the third degree—how could one give her orders, or criticise her amateur efforts without a chance of wounding her susceptibilities?

"Please, sir," the little maid Jane (who had taken up his shaving water at eight) knocked at her master's door at a quarter to nine on the following morning, "will you come down soon, sir?—there is an omelette for breakfast."

John was accustomed to this formula from Eliza, and smiled to himself at Jane's foolish confidence. As if any other omelette in the world but one of Eliza's making would suffer by delay. He knew what to expect!

Breakfast was neatly laid for one.

"Where is Miss Seaward?" he asked of Jane.

"She has breakfasted, sir."

John was conscious of a great sense of relief. He could pardon an insufferably bad meal so long as he had not to eat in the company of a giggling Miss Seaward, who would want to be talked to.

But what was this? The omelette itself, a golden brown glory, light, fragrant, delicious! He traced Eliza's hand in it. Eliza at her very best. Poor woman, how faithful she was; but he really must, in common humanity, forbid her to toil for him while she was so ill. The coffee, of course, would pay for the excellence of the omelette. Who ever tasted good coffee in a farm-

house? But no, the coffee was perfection, the milk absolutely boiling, the cream in the old-fashioned pitcher whipped to a froth till it lay like snow on the top of the cup.

"Really, really," said John, munching the crisp flakes of toast with an infinite relish, "this will never do."

He rang for the little maid.

"Jane," he said almost sternly, "I am afraid you have been troubling Eliza about breakfast, and she so ill. Now remember, I cannot permit it. A boiled egg, not too hard, will do very well for me, and if you cannot manage coffee, a cup of tea"—

Jane opened a pair of frightened eyes. "Please, sir, Miss Jones is feeling very bad, and she hasn't done a hand's turn, not since yesterday morning when the pain come on."

"Then who—cooked breakfast?"

"Miss Seaward, sir, the lady as come yesterday."

John looked as he felt, dumfounded. "Will you ask Miss Seaward if she will kindly allow me to speak to her?" he said at last.

"She is out, sir; this is market-day, and she said it was best to go early. But I am to ask you, sir, what you would like for dinner."

"Anything, anything," said John, making a sudden bolt from the room, for the first time treating this important question as if it were a thing of naught.

He returned from the bank in a state of suspended curiosity. Now, of course, it would be necessary to see Miss Seaward. He pictured their *tête-à-tête* meal; she would be rather red with her efforts over the fire, she would probably wear a high-necked velveteen with a good deal of white lace about it as an easy compromise between morning and evening dress, she—well, the situation was not an easy one, still he felt bound to face it. Any one who could set before him such a breakfast as he

had eaten that morning deserved his gratitude.

The table was again laid for one. In the few minutes he had dutifully spent in Aunt Anne's room she had told him she did not feel equal to coming downstairs. John was accustomed to her absences from his board and inquired sympathetically for her neuralgia. Was she being looked after?

"Yes, indeed," the invalid assented warmly, "she had every possible attention."

"Had she seen Miss Seaward?"

Yes, Nancy had run up to consult her and had been most careful of her comfort, but the dear girl had really a good deal to do. Eliza, she feared, was exacting, but Nancy had so much good sense, and did not John think she managed beautifully?

John certainly thought she did by the time he had eaten his solitary dinner. There was a new sauce which he highly approved for the salmon, the cutlets were done to a turn, and when the cheese soufflé turned out to be as light as the omelette of the morning, he felt that Eliza's illness was not such a serious calamity after all. He had sent a polite message by Jane to say he hoped to have the pleasure of Miss Seaward's company at dinner, but Jane demurely returned with the reply that Miss Seaward had dined already and hoped he would excuse her.

This singular behavior piqued and puzzled John Whipp. It annoyed him to think he had so misjudged the character of the cousins at Roots. Could he be mistaken? Surely there he had been received with a somewhat embarrassing enthusiasm. There had been no reticence, no shy self-effacement, in the welcome of Susan and Martha and Kate—how many of them were there? Had they not rather alarmed and overwhelmed him—the woman-avoiding bachelor—with the volubility and eagerness with which they pressed

refreshment on him, the readiness they displayed to remain in the parlor and talk to him when he only desired to be walking over the farm with their father?

Nearly a week passed—a week of charming and varied *ménus*, and still the new housekeeper remained invisible. One evening, after the fragrant cup of black coffee with which he concluded his meal, he lit a cigar and walked over to the White House. Grannie sat under the roses with her usual court around her, but she asked John to give her his arm and said she would show him the golden pheasants, the latest addition to her aviary. She had a lively curiosity to know what John thought of his new manager, but she was a wily old lady and seemed to be interested in nothing but her birds.

John gave but a distracted attention to the splendor of the new inmates.

"Aunt Emily," he said, as soon as decency permitted, "I am awfully obliged to you for securing Miss Seaward's services, but she is a regular puzzle to me."

"Isn't she sulking?" said Grannie tranquilly. "I had hoped she might manage till Eliza got better, though of course I told her how very particular you were. But there was really no choice between her and the charwoman Nichols, and with your fastidious tastes, John—"

He gave a shudder at the mention of the charwoman.

"I felt," she went on, "that Nancy would at least be the better of the two."

"The better of the two!" cried John; "why, if I weren't the most easily pleased man in the world, if I were indeed the epicure you love to make me out, Aunt Emily, I couldn't but be more than satisfied. I thought Eliza a treasure, but Miss Nancy beats her hollow."

"Really?" Grannie's fine brows were lifted.

"What puzzles me is that I can't get hold of her to thank her. Now, should you say that the Seaward girls were shy?"

"No," she admitted, "I should scarcely characterize them as diffident."

"Exactly," he cried, with triumph; "you would agree with me, in short, that they are rather the other way! This Nancy must be the eldest, I suppose?"

"Not the eldest," Grannie murmured, but he did not heed her.

"She certainly cannot be young, since she has acquired such a mastery over her art, though how she has found occasion to practice it at Roots is a mystery. Now, how old would you say the eldest Miss Seaward was?"

Grannie made a little calculation. "There are six of them alive and several have died. I should think she is about thirty-seven."

"Just what I supposed, almost my own age and—not diffident, as we have agreed; and yet if she were in hiding for a crime she could not more persistently keep out of my sight. I have sent message after message, and she always has some excuse, and of course I can't invade her privacy even to thank her."

"Certainly not," said Grannie with delicate emphasis, "you must remember her position, John; she cannot be your cook and your cousin at the same time, and indeed I quite approve of her devotion to the duties she has undertaken. For the moment she is your paid housekeeper, and if she prefers that you should look upon her in that light you must respect her wishes."

"Well, if you are sure she won't think it unkind," he said, conscious of a great relief—for somehow he still dreaded the velvet-clad boisterous Nancy of his dreams—"but it does seem uncommonly cool to be sending her out orders as if she were a servant."

"I am sure she would prefer it," said Grannie, "and," she added adroitly, "it may make her position easier with Eliza. Naturally Eliza does not like a rival in her kingdom."

"Eliza will have to look to her laurels," said John, with a shaken head, "or she will find herself dethroned. Poor woman!—from what Gibson tells me she doesn't seem much better, but of course"—easily—"now that her place is so well supplied she can take every care of herself without worrying. I suppose"—a cold doubt crossed him—"Miss Seaward can stay as long as she is wanted? There are enough of them at home."

"I should think she can," said Grannie, with caution, "at least as long as you do not obtrude yourself on her, John."

"Of course I shan't do that," he declared genially; "now that I have you to back me up, Aunt Emily, I'll let her severely alone. To tell you the truth, I am not particularly anxious to claim her acquaintance; as a cook she is after my own heart, but as a relative she leaves something to be desired."

Grannie was also secretly relieved at the turn affairs had taken, though her scrupulous conscience was not quite easy at the self-deception John was unconsciously practising. Still, Nancy's prudence lifted a weight from her mind. She had not realized until her recent daily visits to Laurel Grove how very handsome Nancy was, and cousin Anne was after all but an indifferent chaperon. Matchmaker as she loved to be, Grannie had the correctest regard for the proprieties, and if John—But a Seaward would never do! In her matrimonial schemes for him she had soared to the highest circles. It had not occurred to her that good housekeeping might find more favor in his eyes than an accredited position in the county. But John certainly did not care for the Seaward connection,

and with Nancy so wise no harm could possibly come of the experiment. The great thing now was to get Eliza on her feet as soon as possible; Grannie had faith in Dr. Gibson, who never kept his patients in bed longer than was necessary.

As for John, he serenely went his way, and troubled no more about the lady who presided over his household except to send an occasional specially complimentary message for some *chef-d'œuvre*. By the time the 20th arrived he felt no anxiety about his dinner-party. Miss Seaward submitted a *menu* which met his approval in every

particular, and not an item but was a success. Fair as ever stood his reputation as the prince of hosts, no hideous failure had shaken it, nor was he doomed to be pitied and commiserated as that most helpless of all creatures, a bachelor without some responsible woman to study his interests. In his elation he entertained more largely than usual, bringing friends down from town who were glad to escape during the hot weather for a day into the country. John himself cared little for holiday-making, home presented attractions which no seaside lodging or country inn could hope to rival.

*Leslie Keith.*

*The Leisure Hour.*

*(To be concluded.)*

### ISOLATION.

The moon is large, the heavens are clear:  
Above the trees that crown the height  
Two stars are shining, two so near,  
It seems their shimmering rays unite.

But she who holds the master-key  
Of knowledge looks with smiling face.  
"Between those gleaming sparks you see  
Are stretched the myriad miles of space."

I turn unto the close-at-hand,  
The world where distance cheats us not;  
How close her thronging peoples stand,  
All brethren of a common lot.

Nay, the immeasurable sea  
Wherein the shining planets roll  
Is small to that immensity  
Encircling every human soul.

Grieve not that man must stand apart,  
Whose lonely spirit, he shall find,  
Is closer to the Eternal Heart  
Than to the nearest of his kind.

*The Spectator.*

*B. Paul Newman.*

## WHO'S WHO IN CHINA.

A small step towards unravelling the Chinese tangle may be made by establishing the identity and throwing a little light on the character and antecedents of the chief personages in China. The task is far more difficult than may be supposed. The pages of the Peking Gazette constitute the chief source of information, and as the English edition has for nearly twenty years omitted the index and official list which formed useful features in the first volumes, there is no other course than to go through the numbers from end to end. The variations in spelling, the indiscriminate use of J's or Y's do not simplify the task, and when it is over the searcher must put in a plea for indulgence if he has committed any oversight. The bare details in Imperial Edicts and rescripts supply but an outline of official promotion and change, and the character of the individual has to be judged by the impression left on the minds of the foreigners brought into contact with him, which is rarely identical and always imperfect. The difficulty is increased by the influence of circumstances. The Chinese official who appears at one time enlightened and progressive becomes at another perverse and reactionary. How many conflicting versions, for instance, have been given by well qualified and distinguished Europeans of the character and conduct of Li Hung Chang, while all the time he has only been a typical Chinese official, with the national limited range of vision, dislike for the foreigner, and rooted aversion to change in any form. Before the present crisis passes into the sphere of history the true man may stand revealed beyond all possibility of concealment.

Leaving outside our theme the Empress Dowager and the young Emperor

Kwangsü, with regard to whom it would not be possible to say anything fresh or instructive, the Manchu Prince Tuan, who has lately blazed on the world like a fiery portent of blood and war, first demands attention. He is the grandson of the Emperor Taoukwang, who died in 1850, and the nephew of the Emperor Hienfung, who died in 1861. His father, Prince Tun, was Hienfung's senior in age, but was either ineligible on the maternal side, or was set aside for some personal misconduct in the succession of 1851. The best known of Tuan's uncles were the late Princes Kung and Chun, the latter the father of the Emperor Kwangsü. Kwangsü and Tuan are consequently first cousins, but the latter is about ten years the elder.

The first mention of this prince occurs as recently as 6th October, 1893, when, as Tsal Lien, a Prince of the Third Order, he was presented to the Emperor. He was authorized at the same time to take part in the review of the Peking Field Force, and on several subsequent occasions he was delegated to represent the Emperor in offering sacrifice at the tombs of their common ancestors. Soon after this interview he was appointed to the command of the Bordered White Banner Corps. After this his progress was rapid. On 6th February, 1894, he had a second audience of the Emperor, who on this occasion raised him to the rank of a prince of the second order, and conferred on him the special title of Prince of Tuan. During the war with Japan, Prince Tuan was given a post on the Board of Control of the Peking Field Force, and after some months he was entrusted with the command in chief of that corps. It may be mentioned that Prince Chun, the Emperor's fa-



ther, held this command at the time of his death, and there is no other evidence to show that the Imperial Family were beginning to look upon Prince Tuan as their military leader. On 30th November 1895, he was selected for the task of choosing eligible persons to fill the vacancies in the Imperial Household. Another proof of his growing influence is furnished in the selection of his son to be adopted as heir of the wealthy widow of one of the Manchu princes, and about the same time we read that he and his son waited on the Emperor for the purpose of naming the youth at the Imperial wish in accordance with the practice of the House. Kwangsu thus named this youth Pu-Chun, who was destined soon afterwards to be proclaimed his heir and successor at the time of the *coup d'état*. In May, 1898, Prince Tuan and his close ally and confederate, Kang Yi, were specially praised and rewarded by the Empress Dowager for the discipline and good conduct of the Peking Field Force. The significance of this praise was revealed a few months later during the *coup d'état*, and for his share in that event the Empress Dowager increased Prince Tuan's allowance by 500 taels, and gave him the supreme command of the Banner army. The selection of his son, a youth of fourteen, to be the next Emperor was still stronger proof of his influence and close alliance with the Empress Dowager. It was after this event that he began to enter into relation with the disaffected in Shantung with the express purpose of turning their resentment from the Manchu dynasty towards the foreigners, and he became the President of the Society of the Big Sword (Tai Tou Hou), out of which emerged the Boxers. He completely won over Nui, the chief of the Boxers, of whom at present so little is known, although he is the prime director of the most important political movement

in China since the Taeping rebellion. It is impossible yet to foretell whether Prince Tuan will be able to keep the Boxers in a state of amenity to his personal authority, or whether they will sweep him aside when he has served their turn. In the latter event Nui, the Anhui official of low degree, will become more interesting as a guide of Chinese opinion than the Manchu prince.

Next in importance after Prince Tuan comes Jung Lu, another Manchu, late Viceroy of Pe-Chili and Generalissimo of the Chinese army, described on the morrow of the arrest of the Reformers two years ago as "the most powerful man in China." It is typical of the difficulty of judging the true character and views of Chinese public men that well-informed Europeans describe Jung Lu as "well informed and progressive," and as "violent and reactionary as Prince Tuan." The one positive fact known about him, that he saved the Emperor's life six months ago, at the time of the *coup d'état*, favors the former description. Perhaps a stronger proof is furnished by his hostility to the late Li Lien Yin, chief of the eunuchs and favorite of the Empress, and to General Tung, the truculent commander of the Kansuh army. Jung Lu is sometimes called a nephew of the Empress Dowager, but I can find no evidence to support the statement, and if it possesses a basis of truth it is more likely to be through marriage with one of her nieces. There is some confusion made between him and another Manchu named Ju Lu, who was long Military Governor of Moukden and Governor-General of Manchuria, and who is a much older man and still living, having recently been appointed Viceroy of Szchuen. The first distinct reference I find to Jung Lu is in the summer of 1894, when he held the post of Tartar General of Hsian, and was summoned to Peking to take part in

the proposed festivities on the occasion of the 60th birthday of the Empress Dowager, which were abandoned through the outbreak of hostilities with Japan. He came to Peking to some purpose, as his promotion was extraordinarily rapid. In December, 1894, he was appointed Captain-General of the White Banner corps, and he was also given a seat in the Tsungli Yamen. On the 27th June, 1895, Jung Lu was made Inspector-General at Peking, and in this capacity he controlled the Palace gendarmerie. As a reward for his vigilance he was raised in 1896 to the command of the Yellow Banner, as Lieutenant-General, and before the end of the year he became Assistant Grand Secretary. In May, 1898, soon after the death of Prince Kung, Jung Lu was appointed Viceroy of Pe-Chili, and as a final reward after the crushing of the Reform party in September of that year he was nominated Generalissimo of China's armies. There has been nothing like the rapid rise of Jung Lu in modern Chinese history. In four years he has risen from a small military command in a provincial town to the most important Viceroyship, and the highest military command in the empire. Whether it was his good fortune or his merit who will venture to say?

As to the real sentiments of Jung Lu it is impossible to express an opinion, but the probability is that he is a man in favor of moderation, if not of absolute progress. It seems clearly established that he saved the Emperor's life in September, 1898, and again in January of the present year, opposing with all his weight the extreme counsels of Kang Yi and Li Lien Yin. With regard to the latter, whose death by poison two months ago was the alleged cause of the Empress's outbreak, he and Jung Lu came into collision in 1895 or 1896, while the latter was in charge of the Palace police. The story goes

that the Manchu general caused the Chief of the Eunuchs to be bastinadoed, and that the Empress thereupon banished Jung Lu for ten years, a sentence never carried into execution. The rumors from Peking during the last few weeks all agree in attributing to Jung Lu a wish to protect the Legations and restrain the fury of Prince Tuan and his associates.

Kang Yi, another Manchu, is the next most powerful personage at Peking, and he is as anti-foreign and violent as Prince Tuan. In 1890 he was Governor of Kiangsu, and three years later his name recurs in the same capacity in Kwangtung. In the autumn of 1894, during the Japanese War, he was summoned to Peking, where he was at once nominated a member of the Grand Council of War. The growth of his influence is well attested by the privilege soon afterwards conferred on him of being allowed to ride on horseback in the Forbidden City. After filling various offices, Kang Yi was appointed President of the Board of Punishments, and in that capacity he was entrusted with the task of dealing with the party of the Reformer, Kang Yu Wei, when it was thought that they were acquiring too great an ascendancy over the Emperor. Having arrested the greater number of the Reformers, in September, 1898, the question remained what was to be done with them, and some of the Ministers favored moderate punishment. Kang Yi would listen to no compromise, and, supported by the secret wishes of the Empress Dowager, succeeded in obtaining from the Imperial Council a death sentence. No sooner was this signed than he hastened with indecent speed to his yamen, and caused the sentence to be executed in his presence. Kang Yu Wei, the chief Reformer, had, indeed, escaped, but all his property was forfeited, and a sentence of ling-chee, or "the slicing process" was passed on him, and still

hangs over his head. For his services on this occasion Kang Yi was made President of the Board of War, and more recently he has been appointed a Grand Secretary. He is the right-hand man of Prince Tuan, and among all the Chinese officials he is the most violent, anti-foreign and bloodthirsty. His reputation was bad before the events of June, for when Chang Yi was appointed Chief Commissioner of Mines in November, 1898, Reuter thought it was Kang Yi who had got the post, and protested against the employment of the butcher of the Reformers. To that black deed he has now added a blacker still.

Yuan Shih Kai comes fourth in the group of Manchus who have played a leading part in Peking events during the last few years. He is a man of much craft and address, well able to play a double part and to conceal his true mind. He first appeared in Corea, where, as far back as 1885, he took a prominent part in deporting the Corean despot, Tai Wang Kun. He remained in Corea until July, 1894, when he saved himself from capture by the Japanese by making a timely flight, and during that long period he was generally spoken of as "the power behind the Throne." In July, 1897, he reappears as Provincial Judge of the Province of Pe-Chili, and he seems to have held the same post in the summer of 1898, when the Reform movement attracted attention. He played a very important part in the affair, for when the Emperor Kwangsu declared piteously to Kang Yu Wei that he had no soldiers to obey his orders and assert his authority, the Reformer, in an ill-advised moment, recommended him to send for Yuan Shih Kai. Yuan pretended to enter into the plans of the young ruler, and when he knew all he wanted he went straight to the Empress Dowager and told her everything. The collapse of the Reform

movement was due to his treachery, and foreigners will be very foolish if they ever put faith in Yuan, who is a master in the art of duplicity, and whose mendacious telegrams and messages from Tsinan must now be fresh in the public mind. A few months after the suppression of the Reform movement Yuan received his reward in the appointment to the Governorship of Shantung, rendered vacant by the disgrace of Li Ping Heng, at the request of Germany. It will be remembered that Yuan was sent with the nominal instructions to put down the Boxers, but instead of fighting them he allowed them to march for Peking.

Of the Imperial Princes of the First Order, Princes Li, Jul, and Ching, whose names flit across the pages of the Peking Gazette and all of whom are, of course Manchus, Prince Ching is the only one of interest. As President of the Tsungli Yamen he gained a high reputation for courtesy and amiability, and he is credited with having made efforts to restrain the violence of his colleagues. In 1891 he succeeded the late Marquis Tseng as President of the Admiralty Board, and on February 6th, 1894, he was raised by Imperial Decree from a Prince of the Second to one of the First Order. At the time of the Japanese War he was titular Commander-in-Chief of the Peking army, and he petitioned for leave to lead his forces against the enemy, which was not granted. Whatever his private views, his influence is not great—the Tsungli Yamen being a board with no initiating power, and simply intended to amuse the foreigners, lull them into a condition of soporific contentment, and stave off difficulty.

Of the group of generals, Nieh, Ma, Sou, Ikotenga and Tung—the last-named is the most important and formidable. He is neither a Manchu nor a Chinese but an ex-Mahomedan of

Central Asia. The names Fu-Hsiang, appearing after Tung, simply signify General, and the first mention I find of him is in 1890 as Brigadier at Aksu, in Kashgaria. When he next appears on the scene, it is in a more prominent capacity, in July, 1895, as the general to whom is entrusted the task of crushing the Tungan rebellion in the province of Kansuh. The explanation of his turning up at Peking was that during the Japanese War he had brought a considerable force from Central Asia, or the New Dominion, for the defence of the capital. The successes he achieved in this task are fully set forth in the gazettes of the following December, and in the spring of 1896 the Mahomedan rising is described officially as being at an end. Tung then returned to Peking, but he was too turbulent and formidable a soldier to be retained in the capital. A special post was, therefore, improvised for him, and in January, 1898, he left for Pingyang, to take up the command of the troops in the provinces of Shansi, Shensi and Kansuh. There was a report that he had been instructed to prepare Pingyang as a new capital for the dynasty. His return from Pingyang in January last, with 10,000 troops, largely recruited from ex-Mahomedans, was a warning of coming trouble that ought not to have been neglected. Tung is a truculent and ferocious soldier, but there is no reason to believe that he is a capable general, and it is a fact that his success in Kansuh was largely due to one of his subordinates.

Of the other generals named, Nieh is probably the most important, and he is, with some reason, believed to be the friend of Jung Lu. Nieh-Sze-Cheng—not to be confounded with Nieh-Chi-Kuei, once Superintendent of Shanghai Arsenal and Taotal of Shanghai—held a command during the Japanese War, and he was one of the generals who saved their reputation by not be-

ing absolutely beaten. After the war he was made provincial Commander-in-Chief in Pe-Chili, and entrusted with the control of the Wuyi or foreign-drilled army corps. This force forms the *élite* of the Chinese Army, formerly drilled by Germans and lately by Russians, and consists of 30 battalions (15,000 men) of infantry. Its headquarters are at Lutal, north of Tientsin. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that if Jung Lu and Nieh had been sufficiently energetic and wholehearted, they possessed a sufficient force of disciplined troops to deal with any number of Boxers. On the most favorable supposition it looks as if they were only trimmers.

General Ma is the Ma-yu-Kun who fought by no means badly in the Japanese War at Pingyang, and I believe him to be the son of Ma Julung, a border chief who, after being a Mahomedan, took a prominent part in suppressing the Panthay rebellion in Yunnan. He holds, with General Nieh, a command in the armies around Peking. General, sometimes called Marshal, Sou holds a command on the southern frontier in Kwangsi, and has a good deal to do with the French, by whom he is considered a man of ability. It must be noted to his credit that he has kept a disturbed border, long the home of desperadoes, in a state of marked tranquillity. The last of the generals is Ikotenga, the Manchu Governor-General of Manchuria, whose name has not yet been mentioned in reference to current events at Peking, but whose influence and reputation are, undoubtedly, great. During the Japanese War he showed no inconsiderable skill, and the Japanese paid him several compliments, among others that of being the first Chinese general to assume the offensive. As Governor-General of Manchuria he has also done extremely well, trebling the revenue in three years. He is probably the ablest

official in China, but it is morally certain that the Russians have already made sure of his co-operation.

I now come to six great functionaries all of Chinese race. They are in their order of importance, Li Hung Chang, Chang Chih Tung, Lin Kun Yi, Sheng Taotal, Wang Wen Chao and Li Ping Hien. It may be said that they are all more or less well known among Europeans—Li Hung Chang, indeed, being known throughout the world.

It is unnecessary to attempt any detailed description of Li Hung Chang. Of unrivalled experience, this prominent mandarin, who boasts of his five generations of Hanlin ancestors, has fallen much of late years in general estimation. Whereas he used to be called the Vice-Emperor, his removal from office on September 7th, 1898, was described as "purifying the Yamen." Among his own countrymen his name has become a by-word, and they all attribute to him the fault of China's collapse in 1894-5. Still more is he blamed for having signed the 1896 Secret Treaty with Russia, which was so soon followed by the loss of Port Arthur and Tallienwan. His appointment to the Viceroyalty of Kwangtung and Kwangsi at Canton was intended as an honorable retirement, but events in the north have made some persons think that he might render some useful service. This hope must prove fallacious for other reasons, besides the weighty fact that he is in his 78th year. The great influence he had in China has waned and almost disappeared. It was largely due to his skill and success in composing difficulties and arranging compromises with the Foreign Powers, and the present difficulty does not admit of a compromise. He cannot screen the offenders at Peking from expiating their crimes on outraged humanity, and if he cannot his services in their eyes are useless. Nor can he be of use to us as a repre-

sentative of the Chinese people, because they do not believe in him, and will not have him at any price. There are grave reasons for doubting the sincerity of his sentiments in favor of progress, and after the close of his European tour he became, perhaps through disappointment at its meagre results, as reactionary as the worst of the Tartars. I remember well General Gordon saying to me that if we put Li Hung Chang in the place of the Manchus, as was talked of in 1880, we should find him more obstructive and difficult than the present dynasty. I think we should be prepared at any moment to see Li Hung Chang range himself on the side of the reactionaries and anti-foreigners as soon as he finds that matters cannot be patched up by one of his favorite make-believes. To whatever side he attaches himself he will bring little strength. His reputation and following are both gone, and his political like his physical vigor is now but a wreck.

Of Chang Chih Tung, the Viceroy of the dual Houkwang province, it is impossible to speak in any terms but those of respect. He is, however, old and cautious, and although he has latterly expressed ideas favorable to foreigners and progress, he was during the greater part of his career intensely conservative and anti-foreign. In that respect he was the open opponent of Li Hung Chang, with whom he was always at enmity, but his principal claim to fame was his denunciation of Chung How's treaty with Russia in 1880. As Viceroy of the Llang Kiang provinces—Kiangsi, Kiangsu and Anhui—he did excellent work at Nanking, restoring the prosperity of that city. In 1889 he came forward as the exponent of the views of China for the Chinese School in connection with the projected Hankow-Peking railway, and obtained a triumph over Li Hung Chang, which seemed dearly purchased when he was



transferred from Nanking to Hankow—or rather to Wouchang—to build his own railway. He has held the Viceroyalty there during the last eleven years, and his administration has been characterized by honesty and efficiency. In 1897 he took his fellow countrymen into his confidence by publishing a volume of "Essays on Exhortations to Study," in which he showed the imperative necessity for China to change her methods. It was a complete *volte face* on the part of the lately Chauvinist Governor-General, and made a correspondingly great sensation. The Emperor read the work and distributed 40 copies of it with his own hands. It was the first impulse he received to induce him to take up the question of reform. There are two drawbacks to the value of Chang Chih Tung's possible co-operation besides the fact that he is getting old. His military reforms have been on a limited scale, and he does not possess the available force to take any active part in restoring order outside his provinces where his authority is beyond challenge. Secondly, he retains strong prejudices against foreigners for encouraging the traffic in opium, which he declares is debasing the Chinese people. This grievance occupies a very prominent place in his mind, and merits attention, as he might make it the excuse for reverting to an anti-foreign attitude at any moment. The great reputation of Chang Chih Tung would make him a useful ally in any political enterprise in Central China, but at the same time it must be noted that his alliance would not be so easy to obtain as is thought on account of the prejudices and old-fashioned opinions he still retains, despite his having recently become an advocate of progress.

Liu Kun Yi, the other satrap of the Yangtse Valley, rules at Nanking, and possesses the greater absolute power of the two. Beside, he is a younger man,

and possesses the energy that characterizes the inhabitants of his native province Hunan. He entered the service in 1861, and is now about 61 or 62. From 1875 to 1879 he first held the Viceroyalty of the Two Kiang, when he was disgraced in an official but not dishonorable sense. Soon afterwards he was appointed to Wouchang, and then, in 1889, he and Chang Chih Tung changed places. There remains this remarkable fact, that during 25 years the greater part of the important Yangtse Valley has been governed by two men. Liu has devoted far more attention to military matters than Chang, and his army of 20,000 men is well trained and well armed. He has also a small fleet, generally designated the Nanking Flotilla. He is supposed to be very well disposed to England, and has often declared his intention of protecting trade and maintaining good relations with us. But it will be prudent to remember that he is, after all, a Chinese Viceroy and not a rebel. The support that is to be looked for from him must, therefore, be only passive and local on the most favorable assumption, and we should always be prepared, in the event of Chinese successes or of delays in the Powers asserting their superiority, for these friendly and progressive Viceroys being carried away by a wave of nationalism. They are, in the first place, natives of China, and members of the oldest and most exclusive Civil Service in the world.

Sheng, Taotai of Shanghai, and Director-General of Railways, is, perhaps, the ablest among the Chinese as Iko-tenga is among the Manchus. He is thoroughly unscrupulous, and for craft and cunning not to be approached. As Imperial Commissioner and then Resident in Tibet, he gained as far back as 1890, when he was a young man, a reputation for not neglecting his opportunities, which has adhered to him

ever since. He was one of those pronounced blameworthy for the reverses in 1894-5, and he nearly lost his head. Instead of this calamity his good fortune decreed that he should receive the profitable office of Customs Taotal at Tientsin. This was in 1896, and in the following year he blossomed into Vice-President of the Board of Revision, and Director-General of the new Railway Department. He then founded the Chinese Imperial Bank, from which his countrymen can borrow at an interest ranging from 25 to 50 per cent. As Taotal at Shanghai we must have a great deal to do with him during the present crisis. He is a man to watch and to be guarded with. He resembles Li Hung Chang in several respects and he is said to be related to him. But there is no love lost between them, and Li Hung Chang tried to supplant him two years ago by one of his own creatures named Ma Chi Chang. Sheng was also unpopular with the Tsungli Yamen, and probably the source of his power was the Empress Dowager herself, whose avarice was propitiated by a share in his business profits. He is a man certain to be heard much of, and he will no doubt pose as the friend of the foreigner. The mantle of Li Hung Chang in respect of guile and humbug is falling on his shoulders.

Wang Wen Chao, Governor of Hunan in 1890, Viceroy of Yunnan in 1893, Viceroy of Pe-Chili in 1895, and again appointed in 1899, when Jung Lu's other appointments monopolized his time, is too old to take any active part in affairs. He is a man of moderation, and the friend of Prince Ching and Jung Lu. He is said to have been killed in an attempt to save the Legations. It is impossible to speak of Li Ping Hien, the last of the greater Chinese officials I have named, without some feeling of regret, as but for German arbitrariness he might have played

a useful part in regenerating his country. By all accounts, Li Ping Hien was one of the most capable men in China, and it was he who defeated the French at Langson. In 1894 he appears as Governor designate of Shantung, and in the following year he was at his post. In 1897 he was specially mentioned by Yu Yin Lin, Fantai or provincial treasurer of Anhui, in his remarkable memorial to the Emperor as one of the men who would save China. When Liu Ping Chang was dismissed from the Viceroyship of Szchuen at the instance of the British Government, Li Ping Hien was nominated his successor. Before his departure he unfortunately got into trouble with the Germans, who made their famous descent on Kiaochao, and insisted on his removal because two German missionaries had been killed in the natal city of Confucius. Instead of proceeding to Szchuen, Li Ping Hien was, after a long diplomatic wrangle, "cashiered and declared incapable of holding any high office," while the Manchu Governor of Foochow, Ju Lu, ex-Viceroy of Manchuria, went to Chung King in his stead. Thanks to German inflexibility, Li Ping Hien, who might have been a progressist, is now the pronounced enemy of the foreigner and all his works.

In conclusion, I would name certain men about whom there are no detailed particulars to be given, but who may come more prominently forward in the near future. Among these Weng Tun Ho, the ex-tutor of the Emperor Kwangsu, disgraced some months before the collapse of the Reform Movement, and now living in retirement, is perhaps the most prominent. He is the firm opponent of Russia, and with better backing might have thwarted Count Cassini. Then there are the two Tsengs, viz., Tseng Kuang-luan, the present Marquis, and his cousin, the Earl of Weyi. A third Tseng is Tseng

Kuang-chin, nephew and adopted son of the late Ambassador, who signed the treaty of St. Petersburg, now editing a progressive Chinese paper in Shanghai, and believed to be a protégé of Viceroy Liu of Nanking. Another possibly useful official of experience is Li Chong Fung, commonly called while in England Lord Li. He is a nephew, and was for a time the adopted son, of Li Hung Chang. He was once Minister to Japan, and signed the treaty of Shimonoseki as well as his relation, whom he also accompanied to Europe in 1896. Since his return to China on that occasion he has been living quietly in retirement at Shanghai. Finally, there are two Chinese of special interest of whom absolutely nothing is known, but whose hereditary claims are indisputable. One is the Marquis Ch'eng,

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representative of the Ming dynasty, and as such allowed by the Manchus to sacrifice on the tombs of the dynasty at Nanking. The other is the Duke of Yen, the direct descendant of Confucius, and the possessor of the only hereditary dukedom in China. His mere name raises before us a long vista of possible popular reforms in China; but no doubt he would make the first condition of his co-operation the exclusion of all foreign missionaries. These are, however, idle conjectures or remote contingencies. For the moment the outlook is not promising for any cordial or sincere co-operation on the part of Chinese officials, and the goodwill of even the "friendly" Viceroy of the Yangtse Valley must not be subjected to too severe a strain.

*Demetrius C. Boulger.*

## CHINA.

Oh, thou great realm of possibilities,  
Of myriad tawny millions held confined,  
The ages marvel that with keenest mind  
Thou yet remainest stagnant on the lees.  
Who looketh forth upon the nations sees  
The strong new wine at work, and thou behind,  
Art still the butt and remnant of mankind,  
And shalt thou then become the spoil of these?  
For lo, along the narrow tortuous way,  
Strange steps and squadrons hasten side by side,  
Oh, giant somnolent, how fares the day  
When thou must meet the western hosts allied?  
Speak they of peace, or comes a sword to slay  
Who hath the wrath of Christendom defied?

*C. D. W.*

## A HEAD BY HELLEU.\*

## III.

Outside of the window the thick, gray veil of mist hung over the water. In the little warm room with the family portraits and the engravings on all the walls, the clock ticked. The old lady had risen hastily from her seat by the window and stood with outstretched, but outward turned hands, trembling, almost weeping. Grethe did not entirely close the door, but leaving it slightly ajar, peeped through the opening. The son led his bride towards his mother. All the light which was in the room fell on her paling, young face, with the anxious dilating eyes, the half open, trembling lips. He stood close beside her. For the length of a pulse-beat they all remained silent. Then the old lady breathed heavily. It sounded almost a sob.

"Thank God!" she said, falling on her son's neck.

The door of the room was closed. Grethe had seen well enough.

Then the three sat around the little sewing table by the window, the councillor's widow opposite her future daughter-in-law. She spoke quickly and with emotion:

"What anxiety I have had since morning, since receiving your letter. I thought you would bring me a Paris girl. . . I thought—I knew not what. And now such a young, pure creature, honest and German. Child, how shall I tell you how I thank you, that you are thus, and not what I thought. And you love him? But yes, otherwise you would not have done as you have. I can read that in your face. But you must love him very much, selflessly love him, if you will take him as he

is. He is different from others; he demands much: reason, devotion, patience, consideration, unconditional, unreasoning devotion, everything; and as for him, he is a singular being. Indeed, since he finished his great work with which he was so intoxicated, he has become so sensitive that one never knows how a thing will strike him, still less how it will influence him. He feels everything more deeply and more painfully than ordinary men. He keeps one continually worried about him. Just think, I, his mother, who bore him and nurtured him, fostered and protected him, bearing him ever in my heart, who would willingly give my life blood for him each second, I tell you, I scarcely know him. I have doubted that he would bring a daughter home to me who would—who would bear the proud name of his father with dignity. We are noble, is that not grand, child? Should I not value that, so that we may still continue to be noble?—But why need I speak of that? Now everything is well, everything. And all the anxiety of the past years, how foolish! But why are you so silent? You have eyes, which say that you also can laugh and chatter. Tell me something of yourself, of your parents and how and when you learned to know him, and where and—Look about in my room. Do the engravings please you? Those Roman views are by Volpato, who brought them to Hubert's father, long before he was my husband, from his journey to Italy. Yes, then everything classic and from the South was valued, but now everything is different. Those etchings after Cornelius and Delaroche, Hubert considers horrible. What is your opinion? Do you also swear by the modern school? Indeed you must do so as his bride. What do

\* Translated for *The Living Age* by Adene Williams.

you think of the French, do you know them all."

"I sent her from Paris," said the son, "an etching by Paul Helleu."

"Ah, Helleu? He is the one who usually makes only sketches with a couple of swift strokes. And does that please you? Do you consider it beautiful?"

Lisbeth glanced towards her betrothed.

He scarcely noticed the look. "It is almost impossible to believe," he continued to his mother, "how the artist, who never saw her, was able to reproduce her features with his easily formed lovely sketch, all that is the most inward core of her being; the idea of undisturbed peace, the expression, one might say, of how this child, who is really but a child, uninfluenced by the world, proceeds on her own way, knowing how to guard her ego and her individuality—"

"But," inquired the old lady for the second time, "do you too then perceive all of this? Speak out freely, does the picture please you?"

"I?"—Lisbeth hesitated—"I really do not know. I believe he, Hubert, has such a good opinion of me and treasures me. And I do not understand the picture at all. At least Madam, the Doctor's wife—"

The mother leaned over the little table and kissed the cheeks of the young girl: "Hubert, she is a *trouvaille*! A truly womanly creature. Modern enough for you and still to my liking—and so modest and so honorable, in confessing that she understands nothing of this art which only sketches and indicates, and does not complete—I wouldn't have thought it possible—Come, my dear, dear little daughter—tell me, what is your name? I know nothing at all about you."

"Her name is Lisbeth," said Hubert.

Tears sprang to the girl's eyes as he spoke so brusquely. At their first

meeting, when he had brought her to the house and had introduced himself to her at the door, she too, politely curtseying, had told him her name: Anna Louise Elizabeth Thiessing. But he had later confessed to her in what a comical school-girlish way she had said it, so that he knew at once that she did not belong to the station which her appearance indicated. And if he had not fallen in love with her the very first moment, he would have noticed it more particularly. Now he wanted to keep her from doing the same thing again, lest his mother should discover it too. He was ashamed of her. That he must not be, she would not have it. "Elizabeth Thiessing," she said distinctly.

The old lady looked at her smilingly. "Thiessen," I have not the pleasure of knowing the family. But you are from here? Tell me, who are thy people? And do not sit so uncomfortably and formally there, as if only making a visit. Show me that you feel at home here; take off your hat and jacket. Here comes Grethe with her cakes, home-made. She will naturally want the bride of her young gentleman to try them. Take off your gloves, dear Lisbeth, and help yourself."

Lisbeth again glanced towards Hubert. He leaned back in his chair, ate cakes, teased the old servant, as she was coming in, so that she tried to avoid him. What did he mean? What was he thinking of? If she took off her gloves—then, indeed, would the old lady know all.

And she took them off. Partly because she could not do otherwise—for Grethe stood there waiting with the plate of cakes and the little tray—half in defiance. For if this must be, the sooner the better. She drew off the new, yellow kid gloves, which she had herself bought on purpose for this visit, from her right hand, and stretched out her finger and took a



cake. With the same shocked feeling with which the mother and Grethe looked down at the hard, red, large-jointed work-fingers, she herself looked at the poor hand, which trembling, crumbled the cakes on the little glass plate. She couldn't have eaten now for anything in the world.

"You can go now," said the Frau Geheimrath.

Grethe obeyed.

Did Hubert feel nothing, know nothing of what was happening?

The mother rose, went to the door, opened it and looked out. She wished to be certain that the old servant was not listening in the hall. Then she came back, with slow and short steps and dropped down on her chair, quite old, bent, trying to gather up her courage.

"Isn't she charming?" said Hubert, "in her bare head? See how the hair starts from the temples—exactly like the lines in Hellen's sketch. I could sit for a lifetime looking at this fine transition. You understand it, mamma, something of completeness, of faultlessness moves me, charms me sometimes to tears."

What was he saying? What did he mean? If he had been speaking French, he would not have been more incomprehensible to Lisbeth. She understood better what the old lady was feeling, who sat before her in her black satin dress so straight and stiff in her chair, one hand clasped in the other, the two palms pressed together in perplexity, the fingers interlaced until they cracked. The young girl felt a sudden pity for the old, lonely mother. She did not herself know how it happened that she thought and felt thus, perhaps she did not at once know that she did feel so. But she stretched out her hand, coarse as it was, and laid it very gently on the old, weak, waxen fingers.

"I am no lady. He spoke to me one

evening on the street. I am in service here."

"As what?" asked the Frau Geheimrath in a weak voice.

"As housemaid, at Holzdamm with Dr. Ross," Lisbeth arose and took her jacket in order to put it on again. But Hubert had also sprung up and prevented her.

"Mamma," he cried, turning to the old lady, who, shrinking together leaned back in her chair, "my good mamma, look at her, listen to her. Is she not noble without, within? Does she not show it, recognizing her station so frankly and freely? Good old mother, think, how often you have said to me, one should only look at man, at mankind, as they are in the heart, not on the dress or exteriors. How often have you chided me, because I noticed some ugly feature of the face, some hard tone of the voice, more than the inward excellences of people who were not congenial to me; because I overlooked other mistakes and faults when their physical forms or organs pleased me. Mother, look at her, in whom indeed the inner surpasses the outer, fine as it is, listen to her, so that you will know her. Just because I perceived that she is noble in her inmost heart have I loved her. And therefore I brought her to you without any preparation, that you should yourself see and know her, before you knew anything further of her. But now you must be good, mother, you must! For she will be my wife."

So he spoke and still more to the same purpose. The two scarcely heard him. They each had but the one thought: A servant-maid!

It was not said aloud, but it was so, and nothing could change it. They both felt it. But Mrs. Ehren was a lady who was more accustomed to control her emotions than Lisbeth, and more accustomed to self-possession.

"Keep your seat," she said to the girl.

And Lisbeth sat down. This polite address was the last straw. She sat on the same chair as before, but not the same, not the honored guest, the joyfully received daughter, but the strange servant girl, to whom one could not refuse to offer a chair, because she was in the reception room as a visitor.

"That is right," said Hubert, "I knew well how you would see it, mamma. What else do you desire than my happiness? And I tell you it comes from her. If she does not become my wife, if this be but an illusion, then indeed, I should die. But I do not deceive myself. For she also loves me."

"Is your family here in town?"

"No," said Lisbeth, "they live in Halstein." And she knew that the lady breathed more easily—"But my little sister will come here, as soon as she is confirmed. And then she will also hunt a place here."

"Ah, a place!—Hubert," asked the mother quickly, "Hubert, there are now other occupations for girls, so many others. If the sister, the sister of your future wife, must do something, she might be a companion or a bookseller, but—"

"Ah," said Lisbeth, "she knows as little of these things as I do."

"Do not make yourself out worse than you are. Mamma, she has the learning of the heart, and also capacity for education. What charming letters she writes me, so drolly stiff! And what she will know from me and experience and grasp from life!—I will only need to be careful that she does not learn too much, and like the daughters of higher rank talk about everything and become like all the rest of the world."

"Then you do not wish your bride to have any part in you, your work and your thoughts; you would have her

live in a different atmosphere, a feast for your eyes, and nothing more?"

"No! She shall be my rest and my joy. She shall—do not make such great eyes, Lisbeth!—she shall be a comfort to my mind as well as to my heart. As to whether she can chatter in French, rave over Botticelli or Wagner, express her opinions of Zola and Sudermann, is of no importance to me, for that I can do myself. That she loves me, is one with me, feels my deepest inner emotions—although she is not at all *fin de siècle* as I am, but quite old-fashioned and very simple—anticipates my wishes, lives for me and thinks for me. If ever the slightest doubt should come to me as to her unconditional love, her absolute surrender of self to me, I—but no, I would rather not depict the doubt. It would destroy, annihilate me. For then I should have deceived myself in my opinion of her, not have been deceived by her. And I should then lose all belief in myself—"

Thus the two spoke of her and named names, and used expressions of which Lisbeth understood nothing. She had never before seemed so stupid to herself. He appeared quite contented. The mother looked at the girl from time to time, but knew not how to say anything more to her. And Lisbeth sat in her place, as long as they stayed, dumb and still. When Hubert signified that they must go, as it was his mother's usual meal time and he and his bride would go to a restaurant and from there to the theatre, she rose from her chair obediently and made a parting curtsy. She knew while she was doing it, as she had formerly bowed to him, that a lady would not do this. But she could not help herself, she curtsied nevertheless.

And Hubert smiled. "Sweet Lisbeth! Is it not so, mamma, you must certainly see that one could not help loving this child."

The Frau Gehelmrath made no reply,

at least none that Lisbeth exactly heard. She kissed her son. To the girl she extended only a couple of fingers; and Grethe stood in the vestibule and in a most studied servant-like manner helped the Herr Doctor on with his coat and appeared not to see his bride, as she opened the door wide for him. Lisbeth should have gone out first, but she hesitated, involuntarily wanting the gentleman to go first. He took her by the arm and drew her outside.

"Ah!" he said, as if a weight had fallen from him. "That is endured and at an end. Mamma is so good, but she does not entirely understand me. Don't give yourself any uneasiness on her account. It is not necessary to our happiness for us to live in her circle and in her neighborhood."

"She is still your mother," said Lisbeth half aloud.

"Yes, but I am no longer a child. I love you! Can you not feel, do you not see how much? I will and I must and I am going to have you!" he cried, passionately. "See, this journey to Paris, as I have already said to you, is to be the proof to me that I can no longer exist without you. A couple of friends, to whom I told my intention to marry you, warned me that I had loved and forgotten many others, and I would also overcome this. But they were mistaken. Do you know why? Because I saw that you only could heal me—give me back my faith in myself and women and all mankind. If you only knew how I have passed these four weeks! How I worked there, in the library, in the Museum, until late in the night. And how I hunted every distraction. But in the midst of the heaviest work and in the midst of the greatest feasts, among women of intellect and in assemblies of the best society, as among others of the worst, then do you know, how the longing toward home, toward peace, toward all

that is good and pure in me, drew me back to you?"

"And," he continued more quietly, as silently and with bowed head she walked beside him—they were now going through a lively street; the rain had ceased, but it was misty and was already becoming dark—"and what do others understand of that which we find within us, that which we need! How could you for a moment believe that my mother's doubt could change, influence me? I delayed the visit as long as I could. But it had to be made at last. Wherefore should we wait longer? And if her manner has impressed you, as I well see, then must we be married all the sooner, immediately. My very good friends of course have advised me figuratively and unfiguratively not to marry you. The good people. They are the Philistines, not I, who desire you for my honorable wife. Sweethearts I could have by the dozen, more beautiful, more prudent, more magnificent! But I will have you, for my whole life, for every minute and every second, 'for better, for worse,' as is so beautifully said in the English marriage ceremony, for glad days and for sorry ones, for healthy and for sick days. You shall be my home, in which I can strike root. I have proved myself. And you, my love, happily I do not need to prove you, I am certain of you. It is just this which makes me so happy, so confident, as I never before felt myself in any love. Look at me, Lisbeth, do not look so troubled. I am happy. Can you not be so too?"

He compelled her to look at him. "I don't know," said she softly, "I don't know, I am only anxious."

But he smiled. "That is already passed. Forget it. You will soon get over it."

They had now reached the restaurant, in which they were to dine together. Twice before, after the Sun-

day matinee, to which he was accustomed to take her, he had brought her here for a meal, but always to a certain room in the first story. But to-day he led her directly into the rooms on the ground floor, where various companies were already seated at little tables.

"We are now an officially betrothed pair, and we do not need to hide ourselves," he whispered softly to her as they entered.

The waiter led the way to a little table in the last room but one on which stood a little electric lamp with a red silk shade. Two covers were already laid.

"Ah, how pretty that is!" she said and for the first time looked happy, "what nice things!"

He only bowed. She admired the fine white flowered table-cloth, the dishes and glasses, the glittering silver, the flowers in the vases and the good soup. Then she commenced to look around. The ladies at the other little tables were so beautifully dressed, the gentlemen in uniforms and dress coats, everything was so festive. And still more guests were coming. They were passing close by their table. A lady stopped.

"Hubert Ehren! already back from Paris? and—" but she stammered in the middle of a word, saw Lisbeth, blushed, and turned away. The gentleman who followed her, greeted him smilingly.

But Hubert had sprung up: "Come," he said quickly, and drew her from her chair. "They think—I will not have that!"

Before she knew what he was doing, she stood with him before that couple: "My betrothed bride!" he said, "we have just come from my mother's," and then introduced to her Mr. Reinhold Weber and wife. The gentleman grasped a hand of each and congratulated them effusively. Hubert on his

beautiful bride, and Lisbeth on her distinguished groom.

The good wishes of the lady sounded noticeably cooler. She was little and delicate and beautifully dressed. She looked at Lisbeth through her lorgnette with the long handle. "Heavens!" She said slowly, "where have I seen her? Her face—Hubert, help me, where have I seen this lady?"

"That is impossible for me to say. It is possible that so great a collector as you are may have seen one of Helleu's etchings very like her—"

"Helleu! No. She is much more in the English style, more like an old Gainsborough, or something by Sir Thomas Lawrence—But it was not a picture, it was—no, impossible! But Hubert, I have not talked with you enough about your last book. These lines entirely without color—"

"Are exactly what a poem is without illustration," he said, "therefore the purest, the quintessence."

"Color is poetry," she cried.

"As a general thing color coarsens, color gives body, hinders our imagination, when it would, of itself, form the picture, and even when color is there, it can translate its aims, form its substance. True value is only given by strong lines."

"Do you understand much of this?" asked Mr. Weber, turning toward Lisbeth.

"No," she said, distinctly, "not a word."

"Permit me!" cried the waiter, who tried to pass with a great plate of roast meat. For they were standing between the tables.

"A practically chosen place for an esthetic dispute about art, which may last a long time," murmured Mr. Weber.

Hubert heard him. He laughed. "I notice. You are hungry. We will go. Lydia and I will another time engage in a fruitless combat, hours long—Come

now, Lisbeth. *Au revoir.*" They all shook hands.

The lady took her long lorgnette and looked after them.

"Now," asked Hubert, as they again took their places, as Lisbeth left the soup, which she had found so good, untouched, "what is the matter with you? What has the beautiful Lydia done to you?"

"She recognized me," she said with tear-choked voice.

"Who, Lydia Weber? Where could she have known you?"

"She comes so often now to visit Frau Doctor. She was there yesterday, and I opened the door for her. And to-morrow she is invited to breakfast. She knew me immediately. I saw it in her."

He threw his head up so that his thick locks fell back from his forehead. "That makes no difference. Or rather it is so much the better. She may know it all, all, that I do not need her any longer; that her advances and her flatteries do not move my heart, because it is in firm hands. How can you let that vex you, Lisbeth? She may wonder for a little while that I have not chosen for a bride some refined phenomenon, some esthetic creature, like herself. If she only knew how little I grudge her to the good Weber!"

"Did you want to marry her?"

"Want? I? She wanted it enough. And my mother and the acquaintances. But I, never. She is too little. And too over-cultured. She wants to do too much. I need rest. She would never be able to answer my needs. It makes me shudder to imagine her sweeping through my work room with her swishing silk trailing robes—but you, Lisbeth"—he leaned over the table to her and tried to look into her eyes, which she kept fixed on her plate. "You, in your young slenderness, so earnest and full of style, you will suit the rooms. You must know that the chairs and

table and every cupboard are made according to my designs; I collected the materials in my journeys, matching colors, so that every tint and every shade harmonize with that which I have carried in my mind, my thoughts, reflecting my most inward being. It is a real *home* such as it should be, the image and fulfilment of the human being who created it. And in this home of my thought, among the pictures, the hangings, the furniture, which I discovered, will you be, Lisbeth, a part of my Ego, also discovered by me, thought out and loved.—Now, will you not smile? Do you not also find this outlook beautiful?"

"Ah," she said hesitating, "if then people look at me as these others have done just now. And when I must tell my name and do not even do that well, then you also will not like that. And when I don't know anything—"

"Then I will teach you."

"Yes, but I cannot learn so much. You always speak of strange people and in strange language. As long as you were alone with me, all went well. But now, to-day—first your mother and then Mrs. Weber—she understands you. But to me you will have to explain everything. I am not fit for you."

"Child," he said, "you child, as you are, only wait a little. You learn so easily and I will guide you."

"No," she cried, "that is just it. I cannot count on that. I also am no longer a child. You said that of yourself and I am no more a child than you. When I was fourteen I left home. And now suddenly I must watch every step I take and feel all the time that everything I do is wrong and I should do it some other way, and you will be ashamed of me—"

He looked straight in her face with his shining eyes: "I love you, Lisbeth. Do you not also love me?"

"Yes, I do, but—"

"No but. There is none. Honest



love is understanding, honest love other. Be patient. In two weeks you knows how to renounce its own Ego will be my wife."

*Adalbert Meinhardt.*

Rundschau.

(To be concluded.)

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## THE CHARACTERISTICS OF BIBLE PORTRAITURE.

There are no subjects so difficult to study as those nearest to us. "It is expedient for you that I go away" are words that might be printed on every familiar object in the world. It is the things which are in contact with us that are the things most hid from us. We know more about the stars than we do of our own life. Why? Just because life is our own, and the stars are not. I do not think familiarity breeds contempt; my adage would rather be that familiarity breeds blindness. The constant and unvaried vicinity of an object incapacitates us from mentally seeing it.

I think the literature of the Bible has suffered peculiarly in this respect. There is no book in Europe whose phrases are so familiar; there is, perhaps, no book in Europe of which the masses have so little artistic knowledge. I say "*artistic knowledge*." Men have looked upon it so long as a thing of divine grace that they have ceased to view it as a thing of human nature. There is even an impression that, from the natural side, a knowledge of the Bible is no mark of culture. Tell an average man that he has thoroughly appreciated the literary spirit of Homer; he will feel proud. Tell an average man that he is thoroughly deficient in a knowledge of English literature; he will be either incensed or ashamed. But I have heard young men of great ambition and of high pretensions actually *boast* of their ignorance

of the Bible! It is the artistic aspect of such a boast that alone I have here to do with. The idea evidently is that, however much the Bible makes a demand upon the *conscience*, it makes no demand upon the *culture*. And I attribute this impression largely to the fact that the words of the book are so *familiar* to the conscience. The conscience is the innermost part of our nature; and what gets in there, is not easily brought further out. A song whose words are familiar by the tune is not likely to be appreciated at its poetic value; and a book whose first appeal is to the conscience is not readily overheard by the literary instinct.

None the less, the impression of the average man on this subject is the reverse of the truth. In order to see this, the first thing to do is to stand back. What we want is a more distant prospect of the Bible. It is too near us. Its literature is eclipsed by its message of salvation. Its awful proximity to the *soul* prevents it from being seen by the *eye*. I intend to escape from this proximity. I am going to make an effort to obtain a more distant view. I will try to forget that this book brings a message of salvation. I will try to forget that it is making an appeal to my conscience. I will endeavor to be a neutral spectator, to look at the book as if I had seen it for the first time—seen it as a purely secular thing, and as a purely literary phenomenon. To facil-

itate such an effort I shall keep to that in the Bible which is *most* secular and nearest to the common day—the figures delineated upon the page of Scripture.

I have not long adopted the attitude until I am brought to a very startling discovery. It is this, that the figures of the Bible are purely *mental* pictures. Dealing as I am with the products of an unphilosophic people, I expect to find that the physical predominates; I find that the physical is almost entirely absent. Have you ever turned your mind to this peculiarity of Bible portraiture—its repudiation of photography? When a modern novelist presents the personages of his drama, the first thing he does is to describe them. Our first question about a man is, What is he like? our second is, perhaps, Where does he live?—the immediate subjects of interest are the form and its environment. But the Bible ignores both the form and its environment. You ask in vain the question, What is he like? The personages of the Bible are without dimension, without feature, without physical attribute; they are all spirit. Was Peter tall or short? Was Judas handsome or deformed? Had Martha wrinkles on her brow? Had Elijah a flashing eye? Had Abraham a patriarchal mien? No answer comes. We hear on the stage a dialogue of voices, but we see not the form of him who speaks. And the environment is equally unrevealed. There is no vision of the land where Abraham journeyed, of the oak where Abraham worshipped, of the mountain where Abraham sacrificed. So far as description is concerned, Joseph in Egypt might have been equally Joseph in Mesopotamia or Joseph in Arabia. The central figure of all is no exception. The Son of man is physically unseen. The only instance where His outward beauty breaks through the veil is an instance which rather confirms than violates the principle. It is that moment of Trans-

figuration glory in which His countenance is illumined exclusively from within.

Now, do you imagine all this was an accident? Do you think it would have been difficult for the historians and poets of Israel to have portrayed the fire on Elijah's face or depicted the openness of Nathaniel's expression? The difficulty must have been to avoid it. The truth is, we have here a bit of literary culture as pronounced as the mannerism of Browning. The key-note of the national Jewish literature, which is also the key-note of the national Jewish character, is struck on its opening page, where, before the light or the firmament, before the herb or the tree, before the emergence of the shape of man or woman, the *Spirit* moved. This was the nation's motto—the power of the internal. This was to be the music to which its march was to be timed—through city and desert, through prosperity and captivity. This was the rhythm by which it was to frame the lives of its heroes and according to which it was to estimate their power—the hidden self, the inner man. In its literature as in its religion, the primary rule of Jewish culture was that precept which it inculcated next to the worship of God, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image."

Before leaving this point I cannot but direct attention to the fact that these formless lives are household words among us. Spite of their abstractness, they have got possession of both the altar and the hearth. We ourselves have clothed them—given them a body, set them a local habitation. The local habitation we have assigned them is not the land in which they lived. It is our own land, our modern surroundings. The personalities of that far past are ever present. They are no anachronism. They sit among us clothed in garbs they never wore on *earth*; and probably each of us has woven for

them a *different* garb. Yet to all of us they convey the same spiritual impression. Their identity to us lies not in their garb, but in their mind. Their power remains what it originally was—a mental power. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, are essentially spiritual entities. They are independent of feature, independent of costume. You do not *figure* them as I do, but you *think* of them as I do. We have separate ideals of their form, but we have a common interest in their character. And it is this mental interest that keeps them alive. We have no photograph in common, no picture in common, no image in common; but we have in common the impression of certain mind-forces which have lived and struggled on the stage of time. In this region these words are emphatically true, "It is the *spirit* that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

Here, then, is the first principle of Bible delineation—the absence of any effort at physical representation. But this leads me to a second point closely connected with it. Not only are the men of the Bible purely spiritual abstractions; their *deeds* are purely inward. The dramas which they enact are enacted within their own brain. The stage on which each of them moves is the stage of his own heart; his dialogue is with himself, and he is unconscious of an audience. In the least philosophical of all nations we have dramatic incidents whose interest is purely psychological and whose theatre is as internal as is the stage on which move the plays of Ibsen. What is the drama of Abraham? It is a sacrifice of the will—a sacrifice which is never outwardly exacted, and where the lamb for the burnt-offering is unseen. What is the drama of Isaac? It is a life of self-restraint—a life in which the man withholds the exercise of half his power. What is the drama of Jacob? It is a struggle with con-

science—a struggle in which a man wrestles with his better self until the breaking of the day. What is the drama of Joseph? It is the communing of a youth with his own dreams—alike under the stars of heaven and within the bars of a dungeon. What is the drama of Moses? It is the tragedy of hope deferred—of a heart never quite seeing the realization of its promised land. Nay, I ask it with reverence, what is the drama of Calvary? It is the vision of a Spirit broken by no outward calamity, by no visible storm, by no stress of mind or fortune, but simply and solely by the sense of human sin. A series like this cannot be accidental. It is, in truth, symptomatic—the expression of an idea which pervades the national literature because it constitutes the national life. From Adam to Paul, from Eden to Damascus, from the flaming sword in front of paradise to the flaming light before the eye of the man of Tarsus, the history of Israel exhibits one refrain—the struggle of each man with his own soul.

Now, this inwardness of the Bible drama has become the root of a third characteristic which I cannot otherwise describe than by the name "Shakespearian." By this name I mean to emphasize the fact that the men of the Bible are timeless. They are altogether independent of chronology. There is no distance in development between Hamlet and Julius Caesar. The peculiarity of Shakespeare is that we have never the sense of going back. The spectator does not need to transport himself by an act of historical sympathy into another age. Change the costumes, alter the names of places, and there is no difference in time between Macbeth and Richard III. Beyond the fact of his genius, this is not surprising in Shakespeare; the scenes are, after all, the work of a single mind living in a very cosmopolitan period. But that the same char-

acteristic should prevail in the Bible, that the same universalism should meet us in a nation the reverse of cosmopolitan, and in a series of books enfolding all stages of culture—this is a phenomenon which may well make the historian pause to ponder. Nothing proves the inwardness of the Bible like its timelessness. The innermost part of us belongs neither to London nor Paris nor Jerusalem, neither to the twentieth century after Christ nor to the twentieth century before Christ; it is the same yesterday and to-day and forever. But, as a rule, this changeless thing below the sea is eclipsed from the eye by the foam on the surface and curtained from the ear by the sound of waves. The literature which can disregard such outward interruptions, the literature which can look below the foam and listen for voices beneath the wave, must be deserving of all respect and worthy of all acceptance.

And such a literature is the Bible. Let us take the rudest of those ages embraced within its records. By the rudest I mean the most external—the age least touched by mental influence. What is that period of the Jewish annals? It is the age that immediately follows the return from captivity. Nowhere is the life of Israel so threatened with mental bondage. Nowhere is the nation so near to becoming a "peculiar people." Nowhere are the lines of universal humanity in such danger of being obliterated by the eccentric course of an individual stream. If at any time Judæa was unlike the rest of the world or *desired* to be unlike the rest of the world, it was then. She was making the most frantic efforts to show her difference from other lands. She was straining to exhibit her points of divergence from the common heart of man. She was proclaiming in trumpet voices her isolation from the general experience, her independence of those channels of revelation which are

supposed to be the property of the human race. One would say that the literature of such a period, however great its power, must at all events be the literature of a class, the product of a particular phase of culture, to be studied as an historic curiosity, but not to be quoted as a verdict of Man.

Now, what is the state of the case? According to the Higher Criticism, it is this period which is mainly responsible for the most universal manual of inward biography which has ever been written—the Book of Psalms. I say "inward biography," for that is the character of the book. The writers of the Psalms are what Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are—subjects of an inward drama whose tragedy is in the heart, whose struggle is in the mind, whose dialogue is in the voices of their own souls. Sometimes the dialogue is actually uttered, sometimes it is only inferred; but whether uttered or inferred, it is *there*. And the result of the whole is a series of experiences absolutely cosmopolitan. We have upwards of a hundred confessions of inward biography—all the more significant because they are mostly anonymous. Like the angel of Jacob the writers give no name; they refuse to be interrogated; they bless us and let us go. Yet their blessing is a cosmopolitan blessing. Their message at once raises them "above all principalities and powers," into a world where there is neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female, bond nor free. Nationalities are superseded, environments are superseded, classes are superseded; the wants of men give place to the needs of Man. The problems of these nameless lives are the problems of human nature, always and everywhere. The bars against which they struggle belong to no local cage; they are the bars to the cage of humanity. Their difficulties are as old as creation and as new as the Higher Criticism. The experiences are vastly

varied; but there is none of them local, there is none of them transient, there is none of them peculiar to an age. They have survived their country in a different sense from that in which her actual people have survived her. The people have preserved their individual peculiarities steadfast unto the end; but the aspirings of the psalmists of Israel have even in the lifetime of their land soared beyond her and claimed a corner in every soil.

I do not know an emotion of the human heart, I do not know a phase of the human intellect revealed in these psalms which is not also an experience of mine. The diary of these nameless lives is a diary of my life—of its present problems, of its existing difficulties. Every mental struggle of these unconscious biographies is my struggle. It is I who look up to the heavens, and say, "What is Man!" It is I who marvel at the seeming impartiality between the treatment of the evil and the treatment of the good. It is I who cry out against the apparent silence in the temple of nature—the hidings of the face of God. It is I who pray for the advent of a reign of righteousness which shall be a refuge to distress and a shield from oppression. It is I who supplicate for a judgment more just than the secular tribunal, "Let my sentence come forth from Thy presence!" It is I who have made the discovery, once and forever, that the only availing sacrifice is a surrendered will, a broken and a contrite heart. It is I who have recognized the fact that forgiveness is not enough for me, that redemption is not enough for me, that what I need is a cancelling of my yesterday, a blotting out of my transgression. It is I who feel the three solemnities of life expressed in the words, "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me." The man who said that was a cosmopolitan indeed! My religion de-

mands the three—a glorified memory, a golden forecast, and the weight of a present responsibility or sense of a pressing hand. The man who has reached this threefold faith will never thirst again.

In intimate association with this absence of the idea of time from Bible portraiture, there is another characteristic which seems to me to constitute a unique literary peculiarity. I allude to the fact that in delineating its types of heroism there is an annulling of the distinction between youth and age. I know not where to find a parallel to this experience. In all nations, and specially in the earliest nations, there is a tendency to magnify youth. It is rarely that romance selects its hero from the ranks of middle age. The glow of the morning sun seems indispensable to the poet's gallery. But the city of the Bible has no need of the morning sun. The inhabitants of this city have lost the distinction between dawn and twilight. There is no night there; the gates of promise are open continually. It would almost seem at times as if the motto of the historian were, "They shall bring forth fruit in old age." It is oftenest at evening-time that in the Bible city there is light. The heroism of this gallery only begins, where the heroism of other galleries is ended. The phenomenon is so striking that we are constrained to linger over it.

Did it ever occur to you that each successive picture of these Bible times is a picture of heroic old age? I see an old man breasting a storm that has drowned the world and surveying from Ararat the vanquished flood. I see an old man climbing the heights of Moriah to become the prophet of a new age. I see an old man, who has spent all his youth and middle life in money-making, break forth on his deathbed into the grandest poetry; it is Jacob leaning on the point of his staff and



singing the songs of the morning. I see an old man getting the first vision of the promised land—the aged Moses with his mountain view, with his eye undimmed and his natural strength unabated. I see an old man wrapped in the shadows of the grave, proclaiming the advent of a higher and a purer government; it is Samuel, the first of the prophets. I see an old man at the very moment when he feels his body failing, at the very moment when he sees his empire tottering, break forth into the most exultant music, "God has made with me an everlasting covenant which is well-ordered and sure;" it is David, the king. It is the old who greet the rising sun of Jesus—Elizabeth and Zacharias and Anna and Simeon. It is to "such a one as Paul the aged" that this earth which had been despised by Paul the young becomes a possible scene of glory. And it is to the gaze of age, not of youth, that there comes in Patmos Isle the most optimistic vision that has ever flashed before the eye of man—the vision of that city of Christ which has reached the harmony of a "length and a breadth and a height that are equal."

Can we account for this phase of Jewish literature? At first sight, it seems a contradiction to the national life. Why should a nation which for centuries is silent about a future state have annulled from the outset the distinction between youth and age? You forget one point. *Why* is this nation silent about that future life of which *we* speak so much? It is because *our* future was its present. What we look for mainly beyond the grave was to the Jew a fact of every day—the ushering into the immediate presence of God. We do not think of the dead as growing old; why? Simply because we think of them as being "ever with the Lord." The Jew reached that thought apart from death. He did not hold that to be with the Lord a man must

be caught up in the air; his motto rather was, "Whither shall I *flee* from Thy presence?" To him there was only one source of the national life—the inspiration of the Eternal. It was by no human strength that Abraham climbed the mount of sacrifice. It was by no human strength that Jacob sang his song in death. It was by no human strength that Moses had in old age the aspiration of a youth. The life which did these things was the life of the Eternal. The Jew was thoroughly consistent. He believed that his heroes were animated by the breath of a timeless God, and therefore he felt that old age was to them as favorable as youth. He said with the prophet, "*Thou* art from everlasting; therefore *I* shall not die!" That is the reason why he is not eager to exhibit his heroes in the morning. To him the evening and the morning were not only one day, but one intensity of light. Each was *God's* light, and therefore each was equally near the vital stream. What youth achieved was by the breath of God; what age achieved was also by the breath of God. The thought which animated the nation, the thought which permeated the national literature, was the voice which summed up the experience of generations, "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

And it is this that to my mind explains the fact that Judæa, unlike other lands, has accepted a paradise at both ends. There have been nations, and these have been the majority, who have had their paradise in the past; their glory is seen in retrospect; they look back to their *morning* as their age of gold. There have been nations, on the other hand, who have placed their paradise in the future; their golden age is coming; their *El Dorado* is in *tomorrow's* sky. But here is a nation, here is a literature, which combines the two! In the life of this Jewish



people memory and hope have met together, yesterday and to-morrow have embraced each other. There is a paradise in the rear, and there is a paradise in the van. Behind, is the glory of the Cherubim; before, is the glory of the Christ. They are lit by two lamps,—the one shining from the past, the other gleaming from the future—the one the light of Eden, the other the light of the Messiah. Each is a proclamation in favor of the timeless. The light of Eden proclaims that the nation's morning was not the nation's childhood; the light of the Messiah proclaims that the nation's evening will not be the nation's old age. This land and its literature are on every side "bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

And hence there is one more strange phenomenon. This nation's ideal of its future glory becomes the ideal of its past glory. What is its ideal of future glory? It is the reign of One who shall be called the Prince of Peace—*this* is its standard of coming heroism. But this is also its standard for estimating the heroism of the past—and here lies the uniqueness of its literature. Take the earliest literature of other lands; of what does it sing? Of wars and rumors of war, of mighty deeds of arms, of prodigies of strength and paragons of valor; of the beginners of history the

physically bravest are deemed the fittest to survive. But for the beginners of *this* nation's history there has been a reversal of the rule. The men of the past on whom this people put the wreath are the men, not of war, but of peace. The lives that receive the crown are the lives of the family altar, of the fireside, of the home. Other empires delight to tell how they were established by the sword—Persia, Assyria, Babylon, Greece, Rome. But Judæa delights to tell how she was established on the virtues of the hearth—on domestic purity, on paternal love, on filial devotion, on deference to woman, on fidelity to the marriage vow, on sympathy with the needs of Man. It is from the fireside virtues of an Abraham, from the homely duties of an Isaac, from the commercial success of a Jacob, from the peaceful economics of a Joseph, that in the eyes of Israel her public greatness is derived. And the beginning of her actual power is traced back to a deed of humanitarian charity—the picking up of a little waif for a foundling hospital. Rome tells how the founder of her empire was suckled by a wolf; Judæa is proud to record how the initial stage of *her* glory was the philanthropy of a human heart who rescued a drowning infant from the waters of the Nile.

George Matheson.

London Quarterly Review.

## SIENA.

If you are travelling from the south, the country becomes more and more riven by earthquakes, more and more parched and burnt by the fires of extinct volcanoes as you approach Siena. There are no flowers, there is no grass, there is scarcely any vegetation at all, yet the district has a weird, witch-like charm, and, in the hazy distance the

beautiful twin peaks of Monte Amiata rise majestically above the sweeping hills, which have no feature of their own. As spring comes on, even this wild district assumes a certain softness. A gray-green tint clothes the miles upon miles of open country—treeless, hedgeless, houseless—swooping towards one another with the

strangest sinuosities, and rifts, and knobs of earth, till at last they sink into faint mists, only to rise again in vaporous pink and blue distances, so far off, so pale and aerial, that they can scarcely be distinguished from the atmosphere itself.

This description, however, only applies to the old approach by carriage to Siena; the railway enters many deep cuttings before it reaches the city, and then, at a sudden opening, the brown earthquake-riven hills are grandly crested by the great cathedral town—intensely stately and imposing:—

Siena, bride of Solitude, whose eyes  
Are lifted o'er the russet hills to scan  
Immeasurable tracts of limpid skies,  
Arching those silent, sullen plains  
where man  
Fades like a weed mid mouldering  
marshes wan;  
Where cane and pine and cypress,  
poison-proof,  
For death and fever spread their  
stately roof.<sup>1</sup>

Few Italian towns are better suited than Siena for a summer residence. It is never excessively hot, and there are no mosquitoes; the art-interests are inexhaustible; the accommodation is comfortable; and the inhabitants are well-bred and pleasant, and far more cordial to strangers than residents in most Italian towns are now. "Cor magis tibi Sena pandit"—"more than her gates Siena opens her heart to you"—is the pleasant welcome which meets you as you enter the town gates.

The city is like a star, jutting out between deep ravines in long, narrow promontories covered with houses and crowned by convents and churches; and the centre from which all these hill-promontories diverge is the noble Piazza del Campo, completely mediæval still, and surrounded by gothic palaces. Its south side is entirely oc-

cupied by the grand Palazzo Pubblico, built by Agostino and Agnolo da Siena between 1295 and 1327, and surmounted by the magnificent tower of La Mangia. A museum of early fourteenth-century art is to be found in the paintings of its noble halls and beautiful chapel, chiefly illustrative of the blessings of Peace with Wisdom and Justice as her hand-maidens, and the horrors of Tyranny with Fraud, Treason and Cruelty, Fury, Division and War in her train. Below, in the Piazza, is a modern copy of the exquisite fountain which was the masterpiece of Jacopo della Quercia, but the original basin has been removed since the change of government. Conduits to supply fountains within the city were not finished till the middle of the fourteenth century, and then, in their joy at seeing its crystal waters gush forth, the people called their new fountain Fonte Gaja, a name which has always clung to it.

Owing to the extreme depth of its ravines, it is difficult to find one's way in Siena, but from the Piazza the Via di Città and the Via del Capitano, each passing a most grand gothic palace, lead along one of the high ridges till we come quite suddenly upon the glowing and sumptuous western façade of the cathedral.

It is of black and white marble, with slight intermixture of red and yellow, but all its color is wonderfully toned together by age. Its architecture is of the most exuberant variety and the most delicate detail. "What I never can express," says Hawthorne, "is the multitudinous richness of the ornamentation, the arches within arches, sculptured inch by inch, of the wide doorways; the statues of saints, some making a hermitage of a niche, others standing forth; the scores of busts, that look like the faces of ancient people, gazing down out of the cathedral; the projecting shapes of stone

<sup>1</sup> J. A. Symonds.

lions—the thousand forms of gothic fancy, which seem to soften the marble and express whatever it likes, and allow it to harden again to last forever. The cathedral is a religion in itself—something worth dying for to those who have an hereditary interest in it.”

Yet the cathedral of Siena, glorious as it is, certainly one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, is only a fragment—nothing more than the transept of the vast edifice which was planned by its architect, Maestro Lardo, and which want of money and the ravages of the plague amongst his workmen, cut short. The half-finished nave is still, as it has always been, a ruin. But the bits of the church which are completed, including the seven-storied campanile, striped in black and white marble, are of great perfection. Indeed the finished west front, exquisite in its complicated traceries, and deservedly admired as it always is and will be, is perhaps, by comparison, the least admirable part of the building, for it is so wide that the main lines are almost lost in the redundant ornament. “This church,” says Symonds, “is the most purely gothic of all Italian cathedrals designed by national architects. Together with that of Orvieto, it stands alone to show what the unassisted genius of the Italians could produce when influenced by mediæval ideas.”

The stately cathedrals of Genoa, Prato, and Pisa are to some extent a preparation for that of Siena, but this is far more beautiful. Here the arches of the more northern cathedrals are seen lifted high into the air, and time has mellowed the white marble, which alternates with the black, into an exquisitely harmonious tint of brown. The long lines of pillars are only broken by the lovely pulpit of Niccolo Pisano, finished in 1268. This he made larger than his famous pulpit at Pisa, as was suited to the loftier church. He has repeated here his reliefs of the Na-

tivity and Crucifixion from his Pisan pulpit, but has changed the treatment of the Adoration and the Last Judgment, and added the Massacre of the Innocents and the Flight into Egypt to his subjects. There are not so many tombs at Siena as in most Italian cathedrals, but statues commemorate those Popes who are especially connected with the town—Marcellus II, Paul V, Pius II, Pius III, Alexander III and Alexander VII; and above the arches the whole chronology of the Roman pontiffs is carried round the church. “Larger than life,” as Symonds describes them, “white solemn faces they lean, each from his separate niche, crowned with the triple tiara, and labelled with the name he bore. Their accumulated majesty brings the whole past history of the Church into the presence of its living members. A bishop walking up the nave of Siena must feel as a Roman felt among the waxen images of ancestors renowned in council or in war. Of course the portraits are imaginary for the most part; though the artists have contrived to vary their features and expression with great skill.”

But the great glory of the cathedral is its pavement, covered with the wonderful marble pictures designed by Beccafumi and his scholars, and filled with figures, many of them as grand as the sibyls and prophets of Michelangelo. Dante has been thought to have had this pavement in his mind when he wrote:—

Monstran ancor lo duro pavimento;  
Qual di pennel fù maestro, a di stile,  
Che ritrahesse l'ombre e tratti, ch'  
ivi,  
Mirar fariano uno 'ngegno sottile.

Other works of art are two marvellous panels by Duccio painted between 1308 and 1311, and filled with tiny pictures of the Passion of Christ. And we must not forget a St. Jerome and a Magda-

len statue, which are amongst the best works of Bernini. Forsyth, who was such a capital critic, admired them greatly. "Here," he says, "the sweeping beard and cadaverous flanks of St. Jerome are set in contrast with the soft beauty of a Magdalene, which Bernini had transformed from an Andromeda, and thus left us the affliction of innocence for that of guilt."

Entered from the cathedral is the magnificent hall called the Libreria, because it is used to contain the splendid choir-books of the cathedral. The walls are surrounded by the frescoes which were ordered by Pius III to commemorate the eventful life of his maternal uncle, Pius II—Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who—as a young man—was the ambassador from the Council of Basle to the King of Scotland, and was crowned as a poet by the Emperor Frederick III, and who, as Pope, built the wonderful town of Pienza, preached a crusade, and canonized St. Catherine of Siena. The frescoes, fresh as when they were painted, and a wonderful memorial of their times, are from the land of Pinturicchio. Rio and others have maintained that he was largely assisted by the youthful Raffaele, but this ancient municipal tradition is now believed to have been a pure invention of Sienese vanity.

In the precincts of the upper church stand a number of interesting buildings, especially the Casa dell' Opera, containing a number of fine pieces of sculpture, and the Pellegrinajo, with very curious fifteenth-century frescoes of the temporal Works of Mercy. The wall of the unfinished nave ends in a glorious gothic door with twisted columns, whence a great marble staircase, in the open air, descends to the lower level of the town, from which we may enter, beneath the choir, the ancient Baptistry, or Church of S. Giovanni Battista.

Few interiors have more solemn

beauty, more exquisite ancient coloring than this. The once brilliant frescoes with which the walls and ceiling are covered are all subdued by age into a most harmonious whole, and out of the purple shadows rises the beautiful font of Giacomo della Quercia, set with bronze reliefs by the three great masters of his school—Ghiberti, Michelozzo and Donatello.

The cathedral which she loved so well is ever associated in the popular mind with St. Catherine of Siena, and the surrounding hills and valleys are redolent of her memory. As we follow the steep path from St. Giovanni, which descends into the valley beneath St. Domenico, we may remember that there the little Catherine, at seven years old, returning home from her married sister's house, with her little brother Stefano, sat down to rest upon the bank. There, as she gazed upon the church of St. Domenico opposite, she seemed to see the heavens opened and the Savior in glory, with St. Peter, St. Paul and St. John the Evangelist standing by His throne. Her little brother shook her, to rouse her from her ecstasy, and when she looked again the heavens had closed, the vision vanished, and she threw herself on the ground and wept bitterly. But from that time she was a changed child, became silent and thoughtful, prayed to follow her illustrious namesake, St. Catherine of Alexandria, and—at eight years old—vowed to dedicate her life to perpetual charity.

Reaching the valley, and passing the gothic Fonte Branda, which was built in 1217 by one of the Brandi, and glancing at the sandstone rocks where the little St. Catherine made a hermitage for herself in childish imitation of the Thebald, we come to a steep street. It was formerly the Contrada dell' Oca, but is now called Via Benincasa, for here, on the left, distinguished by its sculptural gable, rises the house of

Giacomo Benincasa, the dyer, the father of Catherine. Over the door is written, in letters of gold, "Sposae Christi Katharinae domus." Here she was born in 1347, and here almost all of thirty-two years of her life were spent. Her veil, staff and lanthorn, her enamelled vinaigrette, her alms-bag, the sackcloth which she wore beneath her dress, and the crucifix from which she received the wounds of Christ are preserved here. Hence she went forth to preach, and to comfort and heal the plague-stricken; here, to drive out evil and corrupt thoughts, she would scourge herself at the foot of the chapel-altar, and then would call upon Christ, her heavenly Bridegroom, to help her, when she believed herself to be comforted by His visible presence. Hence, when the neighboring Florentines were excommunicated by Gregory XI, she set out on her wonderful mission to Avignon, to beseech the Pope to withdraw the ban, and spoke with such power, that he appointed her his arbitress, and left her to dictate the terms on which he should forgive his rebellious subjects. Hence, on her return, believing that much of the misery and misrule of Italy was owing to the absence of the Popes, she wrote those soul-stirring letters which induced the Pope and all his cardinals to return to Italy; and hence she went to meet him and escort him to Rome, keeping him there by her sole influence when he wanted to go back to Avignon in the following year. Here also she was appointed ambassadress to Naples by the next Pope, Urban VI, who owed his elevation to her influence. And here she died, her last words, as if in answer to an inward accuser, being "No! no! no!—not vainglory—not vainglory!—but the glory of God!"

To strangers many of the stories of St. Catherine may seem like records of visionary hallucinations, but to the Sienese of her own time they were

burning realities, and they are so still. "After the lapse of five centuries her votaries still kiss the floor and steps on which she trod, still say, 'This was the wall on which she leant when Christ appeared; this is the corner where she clothed Him, naked and shivering like a beggar-boy; here He maintained her with angel's food.'"

The house of St. Catherine is now one of the great shrines of Italy, and contains a fine statue of the saint by Neroccio, and frescoes of her life by Pacchia, Pacchiarotti, Salimbeni, Fungai and Vanni. In the words of Lewis Morris:—

Dear spotless soul,  
Still through thy house men go, and  
wondering mark  
Thy place of prayer, thy chamber,  
and thy cell;  
Here 'twas the Lord appeared, and  
gave to thee  
His sacred heart. Here, in this very  
spot,  
Thou clothedst Him as He sate in rags  
and seemed  
A beggar. All the house is filled with  
thee  
And the white simple story of thy life;  
Still, far above, the high church on the  
hill  
Towers where, in prayer, thou seem-  
edst to walk wrapt round  
By an ineffable Presence; thy low  
roof  
Is grown as 'twere a shrine, where  
priest and man  
And visionary girls from age to age  
Throng and repeat the self-same pray-  
ers, thyself  
Didst offer year by year.

Now, treading in the footsteps of Catherine, we must follow her up the steep incline to St. Domenico, the great brick church which rises opposite to the cathedral, and which is such a conspicuous feature in most views of Siena, for many of her visions and ecstasies took place here, and, though she never ceased to reside in her father's house, she took here the vows of a nun

of the third order of St. Dominic. One of the few authentic portraits of saints is that of St. Catherine, preserved over one of the altars, executed by her friend, Andrea Vanni, to whom she addressed still-existing letters of maternal advice, beginning, "Carissimo figliuolo in Cristo," and in one of which she urges him to obtain a good influence over those around him, adding, "but I do not see how we are to govern others unless we first learn to govern ourselves." The portrait gives a touching representation of her sweet but worn and ascetic features. Her black mantle is drawn around her. In one hand she holds a lily. The other is kissed by a votary, believed to be the repentant nun Palmerina, who had long harassed her life by calumnies. Weeping, the saint had here laid these wrongs at the feet of Christ. Then He appeared to her bearing two crowns, one of gold and jewels, the other of thorns, and bade her choose between them. She chose the thorns, and, with His own hand, He pressed them deep down upon her forehead. Thus Catherine knew to suffer in silence was her part, and such henceforth was her invincible sweetness and kindness to Palmerina, that in time she repented of her misdeeds.

*The Argosy.*

The Cappella di S. Caterina is full of frescoes of the story of the saint's life, of which two beautiful incidents are shown in the finest works of Sodoma. One tells the story of Tuldo, the criminal, who, condemned to execution, refused to confess that he was guilty, and thus to receive absolution, till he was converted by Catherine. When his last hour came she met him on the scaffold, saluting him as her "sweet brother," and it was her hand that placed his neck upon the block, where the last words he uttered were the names of Jesus and of Catherine.

In the other picture, perhaps the masterpiece of the artist, Christ suddenly appears in glory, and Catherine swoons in the arms of her sister-nuns, the expression of anxious reverence in their faces, and of fainting through happiness on the features of Catherine, being alike incomparable.

There is a delightful picture gallery, there are a hundred other sights in hill-set Siena, and the town is a starting-place for some of the most interesting excursions in Italy; but the Cathedral, the House of St. Catherine and St. Domenico are three sights closely entwined with each other, which not even the most passing travellers must miss.

*Augustus J. C. Hare.*

### LITTLE IN CHRIST'S HANDS GOES FAR.

Yield thy poor best and muse not how or why,

Lest, one day, seeing all about thee spread,

A mighty crowd and marvellously fed,

Thy heart break out into a bitter cry,

"I might have furnished, I, yea, even I,

The two small fishes and the barley bread."

*—Frederick Langbridge.*



## CECIL RHODES AND THE GOVERNOR.

They had crossed from Robben Island to the mainland overnight, seven in number, and the youngest was a baby, and they came in a box with net nailed over it, and a few leaves and branches round which they could clasp their tiny hands and twist their supple tails.

For they were chameleons, and life had hitherto been spent by them in the blue hedges of plumbago, or in the glorious creepers and plants on the island, and the sadness of the surroundings did not affect them.

What does a chameleon care if the human beings who inhabit his island are lunatics, lepers and convicts, as long as there are plenty of flies to be had and broad stoeps to afford shelter in the cold weather?

But these seven chameleons would never see Robben Island again, so with philosophic calm they adapted themselves to their new circumstances. A night and a day in the Archdeacon's greenhouse—a day during which rain fell in torrents that will not soon be forgotten in Capetown, and business men had to paddle home through the streets bare-foot.

The steamer could not be laden with cargo in this flood, so it was a day late in starting, and on the morrow the Archdeacon brought the box on board just before the whistle sounded for departure.

He assured me that they had had plenty of flies, and would do well till the next day, so I left them in my cabin till we were well out at sea, then I took them up on deck.

The six grown chameleons, of varied green hue, marked with rose-color or yellow, were in excellent health, and cast one eye north and another south,

with the dispassionate manner peculiar to their race.

But the baby was dead.

There it lay, in its inch-and-a-half of lifeless prettiness, this baby too young and helpless to come from its fair, sunny home, to the restless motion of the Avondale Castle.

Alas! it had to be buried at sea, and its parents, uncles and aunts, took their loss calmly and heroically.

It was not to be expected that the presence of six chameleons on board would be unattended with excitement, and soon all the first-class passengers surrounded them and asked every question that could possibly be asked about them, after which their progress began through the second and third class.

One second-class passenger had a formidable rival in a merecat, a creature very like a squirrel; but there was a novelty in my pets, and the children all crowded round, saying, "Put it on my frock," "Look at its little hand," "What will they eat?"

This was a question which was beginning to exercise my mind, for flies were getting scarce on board. In the third-class the passengers were full of interest and suggestions. They were mostly soldiers from Mauritius with their families, and they were all emphatic in saying they had never seen such small chameleons—those in Malta and Mauritius were much larger.

I could not profess to be an authority on chameleons, so I gave a practical turn to the discussion by asking if any one could catch a fly, and soon a sergeant appeared with one, but my family would not eat, though the fly was put just in front of them.

How little I knew then that the closeness of the fly was the reason that

they could not eat, for their tongues are of such abnormal length that they require ample space for shooting them out and securing their prey, and probably had the fly been farther off it would immediately have been swallowed.

Sickly little children lay on the deck, weak and pale from Mauritius fever, and they smiled at my creatures as they watched them change color when put on different hues.

On one point I was firm; no one was to put them on anything red, for the effect would be fatal. At the Castle at Capetown one evening some officers were dining in uniform, and one put a chameleon on his mess jacket. It grew darker and darker, then swelled, as if with rage, and died. Some people think that the effort to turn color is too great for it, and others that the creature really bursts with anger; but the fact is stated in books on natural history.

"Have you tried them with cockroaches?" the sergeant asked. "The cook would have plenty."

It was a Sunday afternoon, and there was more leisure than usual among the ship's men, so I visited the cook and the butcher, who rose to the occasion. The butcher pulled up his shirt-sleeve and let a chameleon walk on his arm, while the cook caught cockroaches and set them running over the butcher's arm in front of the apathetic chameleon. For he took not the slightest notice of them.

"He ain't hungry, ma'am," said the butcher. "Put 'em on the plants in the saloon. They'll do right enough."

So I commended them to the head-waiter and left them on the palms in the saloon, but whether temptation was too strong for someone, or whether an enterprising chameleon wished to explore for himself, I cannot say, for later in the day five only were to be found.

The Captain assured me that they did not want to eat, and during the day they clung to their palm branches and seemed to sleep, but at night they became active and explored every corner of the saloon.

"Them creatures of yours, ma'am," the head-waiter would say, "are all over the place when I come here in the morning. One was on the sofa, one was under the captain's chair, another was on the curtain, and one was on the floor where the carpet was rolled up."

I looked round the plants on the table and could only find four.

"Yes, ma'am," said the waiter, "I'd trod on that one on the floor before I saw it, so I had to throw him overboard. I'm sorry, but you won't get 'em home alive. I've seen scores brought on board, but only one reached home alive, and that was eaten next day by the cat."

This was rather depressing, but I declined to believe that I should be unsuccessful, and for many days no further accidents occurred.

During Morning Service on the following Sunday, one enterprising chameleon climbed up an old gentleman's coat whilst the First Lesson was being read, and sat triumphantly on his collar when he rose for the Te Deum, and I believe they sucked up the drops of water I put on the palm-leaves, but they began to grow thin.

A gentleman who was taking some orchid plants from Mossel Bay suggested that the chameleons might find insects on them, and they were placed there on the lower deck and ran in and out of the leaves.

We were near Ascension Island, where we stopped for a few hours, and in the interest of this curious cinder-heap I left my creatures longer than I had intended. When I went to fetch them only three remained. Whether the other jumped overboard or fell, will never be known, but I began to

wish that I had not brought them away.

However, a naval officer had brought a large bunch of flowers on board, which was placed on the saloon table, and here my three survivors revelled, for the flowers were full of insects.

At Las Palmas we landed and drove up the mountain to lunch. The dining-room was full of flies. Why had I not brought my little friends?

The waiter caught several flies for me, and put them into a bottle, and that evening on board a boy fed the chameleons, for either they could not or would not feed themselves.

News had spread like wild-fire as soon as we were anchored, that as the plague was in Lisbon we should not stop again, and should be in Plymouth on Friday morning.

How we rejoiced; but my tiny pets did not heed the news, and the next day one died.

"Only two," I said to the doctor. "I shall call them the Governor and Cecil Rhodes."

Cecil Rhodes was the larger and paler of the two; the Governor was a dear little rich green creature, and my favorite.

Every one seemed to think that I should get these two home alive, and even the head-waiter modified his opinion.

"'Twill be a wonderful thing, ma'am, for I never knew but one got home alive, and that was eaten by the cat; but I really believe you'll do it."

We gave them the inside of grapes, or little bits of fruit, and Thursday evening came.

I can only give you our point of view: if the Governor and Cecil Rhodes could have written their impressions of us it would have been infinitely more interesting and original, for human life on board is not as consistent as chameleon life.

So anxious was I about them this

last night, that I took them to my cabin in their box, from which they escaped, and were making a tour of my dressing-gown in the morning; but I brought them safely to breakfast. Cecil Rhodes was paler than usual, and seemed to have grown suddenly thin; but—

"Hullo," said the doctor, "what's the matter with Cecil Rhodes?"

For he had laid himself down, and died. "Never mind," said the doctor, "I'll preserve him in spirits, and you can still take him home."

I looked at my little Governor, and was thankful that he was the survivor, then I went below to pack.

The chief steward and stewardess sat at breakfast as I went through.

"Cecil Rhodes is dead," I said, and the stewardess started up.

"Has there been a telegram?" she cried, though we were still going at full speed.

"Not the man—the chameleon," I explained.

Before my packing was finished the doctor sent a bottle round, wherein poor Cecil Rhodes swam in spirits. The bottle bore a label. *"Hic jacet Cecil Rhodes. In the midst of plenty, we starve."*

The embalmed remains I kept out of sight, for I had loved to feel the clinging of his queer finger and thumb; and the Governor went back alone into the box which had brought the seven from Robben Island.

No special train awaited the Governor at Plymouth, no strains of "God save the Queen" welcomed him home; but his new home was as fair and bright with flowers as his old home in the island lying low upon the sea, and some one discovered that he could eat a fly put at some distance from him; so his long orange-colored tongue caught the flies in a marvellous manner, and the Governor took up his abode in a Devonshire drawing-room.

He gave a reception to half the par-

ish, and was greatly admired, though he would not always eat at the desired moment.

"'Tis fairly like a little avit" (eft), said the poor people. "Will he bite, miss?" For west-country folk distrust anything of the nature of "avits."

The Governor's home was a geranium plant, and it was carried up at night; but one morning it was left on the piano in the dining-room till luncheon time, and when it was remembered, the Governor was gone.

It was a glorious summer day, and the window was wide open. Had the Governor fancied himself back in his own island and gone on a tour of inspection out into the coronella, and up among the jessamine and roses on the house? If so, we should see him no more, for when winter came my poor little Governor would die of the cold.

Everyone in the house came to look for it, and the boy with a ladder spent hours poking into the recesses of the creepers; but in vain—the Governor was nowhere to be found.

So I went out into the parish, and had to answer the enquiries after my "little avit" by the sad intelligence that he was lost.

But during my absence my sister went into the dining-room, and there sat the Governor on the top of the sewing-machine.

Temple Bar.

He was feasted and made much of that evening, and never again tried to wander away.

Early in October I had to go to London, and made up my mind to make enquiries at the Zoological Gardens as to the habits of chameleons during winter.

News came of the well-being of the Governor, and news came every day of the ever-increasing complications in South Africa.

And then came that day, never to be forgotten while the world shall last, of the beginning of the war in Africa; and the little Governor stretched himself out on his plant, and died.

Oh, little Governor, with your far-seeing eyes and loving grasp, perhaps you are better away from your country just now.

Some day (who knows when)? it may again be the fair, bright land of flowers and peace as I knew it, and your brothers will be climbing the plumbago hedges or nestling among the oleanders, and voices will be laughing as they used to laugh in South Africa; but your memory, my Governor, lies deep in a heart that loves your country and waits for a better and brighter dawn to rise over it—a dawn which may be long in coming, but which must surely come at last.

*E. M. Green.*

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### GILBERT WHITE.

Books he shall read in hill and tree;  
The flowers his weather shall portend.  
The birds his moralists shall be,  
And everything his friend.

*W. J. Courthope.*

## PROVERBS AS LITERATURE.

Of literature, as of government, it may be said that it is born, not made. This saying, so often quoted, must not, indeed, be taken literally. There are definite formative acts achieved by which States grow, and to which their citizens rightly look back as towering landmarks. It is the same with literature. Here is a landmark called Homer, there another called Virgil. Italy has one known as Dante, England one called Shakespeare. In each case some particular constructive monument of genius was erected which had not existed before. But it did not originate *de novo*, it came into being from materials already there. Goethe said with truth of Burns that his poetry was the outcome of generations of Scottish ballad literature, which welled up in his consciousness, and the elements of which were blended by his genius in a new form of art. This is more or less true of all literature, and therefore it may be said that mankind has created and sustained literature, and has contributed more to its perpetuation and power than any one individual, however great.

This consideration is once more suggested to the mind by an interesting "Hand-Book of English Proverbs with their Equivalents in Italian," by Professor G. Tricomi (Catania: Niccolò Giannotta), which takes as a motto a quatrain of which one line runs, "And what are proverbs but the people's voice?" The collection embraces nearly twelve hundred examples, Italian and English, in parallel columns. Several typographical English errors occur, but we must not be exacting. It is interesting to note and compare the modes of expression in the two languages. Sometimes one is the exact counterpart of the other, as in these in-

stances: "As you sow, so shall you reap"—*Come farai così avrai*; "All's well that ends well"—*Tutto è bene che riesce bene*; "Christmas comes but once a year"—*Natale viene una sola volta l'anno*; "Custom is second nature"—*Consuetudine è una seconda natura*. In other cases, however, the modes of expression are quite diverse, the English being in such cases the more terse and strenuous. Our proverb, "A cat may look at a King," is in Italian *Anche un cane guarda un vescovo*,—i.e., a dog may look at a Bishop. "Well begun is half done" becomes *Chi ben comincia è alla metà dell' opera*, or "He who begins well is at the end of his work." The very terse "Forewarned is forearmed" is represented in Italian by *Uomo avvisato, mezzo salvo*. *Uomo avvertito mezzo munito*,—"A man advised is half safe. A man warned is half secure."

Interesting, however, as is the comparison between the structural expression of Italian and English proverbs, our design is rather to suggest the importance of the proverb in the making of literature. For that the proverb is literature there can be no doubt. It is artistic in form, it is a concentrated expression of worldly wisdom at least and very often of profound moral truth, it passes current everywhere, it formulates the universal ideas common to peasant and philosopher, it grows out of the general consciousness. Above all, it suggests to us that that which endures in human speech and writing is the happy phrase or sentence which aims not at preciseness of details, but at precision in the utterance of feeling, knowledge, or experience. It is a noteworthy fact that in our own day, when that terse, epigrammatic style which was all but universal in the early world is no more, when German philosophers

take a hundred pages to say what Aristotle said in three lines, many of the phrases which stick in our minds are not those laboriously polished by our leading writers but rough sayings coined by rough people on Western prairies or in mines, or on solitary hill-sides, who have scarcely ever opened a book in their lives. The proverb can never be the outcome of culture. The cultivated man is afraid of committing himself, his mind is as artificial as his surroundings, he knows so much to be said for or against any proposition, that he dare not come out with a simple native truth for fear it should be dissected by other cultivated people as a half-statement. Some modern writers, feeling themselves thus cramped, strive against the tendency to rob language of its primal freshness and crisp quality. Browning takes flying leaps from ledge to ledge of word and epigram, leaving to the mind of the reader the task of filling up the yawning gaps. Mr. Meredith has, in the same quest after a lost terseness, produced a strange language of his own which, if people would be candid, would be found to have pleased nobody. Carlyle had, on the other hand, the real trick. His words, like Luther's, were "half-battles;" we can never forget his powerful phrasing, his biting epigram. But that was largely because Carlyle, like Burns, was the offspring of Scottish peasantry, and was in fact a peasant to the end of his days. He had the peasant's primal contact with realities, and was never made artificial by culture, extensive as were his stores of knowledge. Of a very different person—Johnson—the same may be said, although what Carlyle gave us in books, Johnson has bequeathed to us in conversation. Perhaps the intimate conversation among equals who have nothing to conceal provides the best form of this terse, vigorous epigram or celebrated saying of which we are now

treating. How satisfactory it is to "have one's talk out" with those who are sufficiently sympathetic and nimble-witted to divine your essential meaning! And what a source of exasperation to give your best and find it misunderstood by some dull analyzing pedant whose imagination is so ineffective that you "must speak by the card." We complain of the average man, but there must after all be a good deal in him, or he would never have melted down human language into proverbial philosophy. For the one thing needed both in the making and understanding of proverbs is the power to read between the lines and to make the imagination help out that which is not stated in terms of mathematical accuracy. Proverbs, like jokes, must not be explained; you understand them at once or not at all. Their power is not quantitative, but ethical, human and qualitative. They sum up for us centuries of experience, but we must accept their meaning in a large and fluid way.

We have said that the proverbial part of the world's literature is an essential, and perhaps the chief part of it which exercises real power. But it is significant that the consciously creating personalities in literature have appreciated fully the proverbial wisdom of their land or race. Perhaps there is no great author of whom this is more true than Cervantes, as there is no literature so full of proverbs as the Spanish. In Signor Tricomi's little work many footnotes remind us how Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Tommaseo, and other Italian writers were familiar with and were indebted to this literature of the common people. Horace must have transmitted to us much of the quick, eager brilliant talk he heard while wandering about the Forum; Juvenal certainly did, as Signor Tricomi's notes show. Shakespeare's mind was filled with proverbial philosophy which stood



him in higher stead than the "little Latin and less Greek" acquired at Stratford Grammar School. Bacon is debtor to the proverb, and so is Bunyan. And surely it was a happy inspiration to include the Proverbs in the sacred Canon, for how much more human and even helpful they make the Bible feel to many simple souls who cannot realize Ezekiel's sublime vision or soar to the heights of the Proem of the Fourth

*The Spectator.*

Gospel! For the proverb, always profoundly moral, is never transcendental. Rooted in human experience among the tangled growth of mundane life, it keeps us close to the facts and simple duties of this world. It is shrewd, it is the embodiment of worldly wisdom, and sometimes even of calculated self-interest. But it is ethical, it is living, and it is human literature,—possibly the literature which will survive best.

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### ULTIMA THULE.

Over the rolling ocean's rim,  
 Away below the Line,  
 Where, fathoms deep, the ghoul-fish swim,  
 And the tiger-shark, grey, gaunt and grim,  
     Basks with the pilots nine,  
 We know of an island, you and I,  
 Like a gossamer cloud in a summer sky,  
 Where the dreams of faery do not die,  
     And the isle is yours and mine.

Girt with a strip of silver sand,  
 And a filigree fringe of brine,  
 Is a land where the virgin lilies stand,  
 Like a choir of vestals, hand in hand,  
     Clad all in jessamine;  
 Where the roses riot o'er pastures broad,  
 And the violets cluster on scented sward,  
 And the kingly bee and butterfly lord  
     Sit throned on the fragrant vine!

Do you forget the Isle of Fays?  
 You were a princess and I a Knight;  
 I won to your side by dangerous ways  
 And kissed your eyes till you woke in amaze  
     To the dawn of a new delight.  
 Right royal were you on your canopied throne,  
 In white and purple, with golden zone,  
 And we ruled a land that was all our own  
     The space of a summer night.

Over the edge of the outer sea,  
 Long leagues below the Line,  
 Is the land where the frightened fairies flee,  
 The goal of our dreamy Odyssey,

*The Finger Prints of Crime.*

A land that is yours and mine!  
 An island mottled with green and gold,  
 Ruled by a princess seven years old,  
 And warded well by a warrior bold,  
 A Knight of summers nine.

Pall Mall Magazine.

R. P. Gibbon.

## THE FINGER PRINTS OF CRIME.\*

What is the origin of the custom by which a man who executes an indenture touches with his finger the red wafer affixed at its end, and declares that he delivers the document "as his act and deed?" Such a practice is buried deep in the past of English law; perhaps Professor Maitland can explain it; but, at any rate, it seems to suggest that the idea of using the print of a finger as a test of identity and authenticity is not exclusively modern. For the first scientific inquiry into the subject we are indebted to Mr. Francis Galton, who was greatly helped to his conclusions by the materials collected by Sir William Herschel in his experimental use of the new methods in parts of Bengal. Mr. Galton's investigations established the all-important fact that the details of the ridges forming the pattern on any particular finger *persist* in the case of a given individual from infancy to extreme old age. Another equally important fact—viz., that no two persons have precisely the same finger-markings—is not perhaps capable of strict logical proof until the mystery of individuality is more fully explained; but every fresh impression that is taken and examined adds something to the cumulative evidence, and the objection that no universal affirmative is established by collecting a multitude of particular negatives, has in this instance

long since ceased to have any practical weight.

These two conditions of variety and persistence having been shown to be fulfilled, the time for a serious trial of the new method was come, and it was Mr. Henry who, as Inspector-General of Police in the Lower Provinces, persuaded the Government of India to adopt his system of identification by finger impression. The success of the new method is very remarkable; from the Police Department it is spreading to other branches of public activity where identification is a requirement difficult to fulfil. Thus, State pensioners are required to demonstrate their right to draw allowances by giving their finger-prints; documents require this simple and effective countersign of authenticity before they can be admitted to public registration; the opium cultivator impresses his finger-mark on his receipt for a State loan; false personation at public examinations is checked by similar means; and in numerous other cases where the person named in a document must be identified with certainty, Mr. Henry's methods are proving equally effective. Finally, only a few months ago, the Indian Legislature has expressly provided that their codified law of evidence should be so amended as to admit without question the testimony of experts skilled in the deciphering of finger-prints. Of the practical utility of the new system, Mr. Henry's book

\* Classification and Uses of Finger Prints. By E. R. Henry, C.S.I. London: George Routledge & Sons.

contains several interesting illustrations. Thus, the Bengal Courts had before them in 1898 the crime of murder and robbery practised upon a tea-planter, who was found with his throat cut, and with his safe and despatch-box in confusion and rifled of their contents. Among others, an ex-servant, whom the murdered man had prosecuted to conviction for theft some time before, was suspected of the outrage, but there was no evidence of his presence on the spot at the time of the crime. The unknown murderer, however, in ransacking the despatch-box, had handled an almanack it contained, on the cover of which were two faint brown smudges. These were photographed and found to be prints of a human thumb, while chemical analysis showed the marks to have been made with mammalian blood. The thumb-prints were compared with those of similar characteristics filed in the central office of the Bengal police and were found exactly to correspond with the suspected ex-servant's right thumb impression, taken when he was committed for the term of imprisonment which he had completed shortly before the crime. He was arrested and the chain of identification was then further strengthened by taking another impression. Mr. Henry reproduces the three prints, on the comparison of which the prisoner was convicted, together with a chart indicating the "characteristics" common to all three. There can be no more perfect example of mathematical exactitude applied to legal proof.

No one can examine this diagram without thinking of the ingenious M. Bertillon. If we compare the Indian plan of identification by finger-prints with the Bertillon method of anthropometry, on which side does the balance of advantage lie? The superiority of Mr. Henry's system seems indisputable. To begin with, it is infinitely simpler; the only instruments needed are a piece

of tin, some printer's ink, and a roller to roll the latter on the former. Any one, even a native police officer, can take legible finger prints, whereas anthropometry requires special training and a knowledge of the decimal scale. Even supposing M. Bertillon's instruments are available in the hands of persons competent to use them, there is still the further objection that the whole method is over-elaborate, and involves many independent chances of error. Either system can be so indexed as to make searching a reasonably rapid operation. But the greatest advantage which Mr. Henry can claim over M. Bertillon is this: a finger-print is an *actual human document*, the exact negative of an original, incapable of error so far as the record itself is concerned. Hence, though a mistake may be made in counting the number of ridges, such mistake can be corrected, even after the owner of the finger has disappeared, by recounting. But, under the Bertillon system of measurements, once a mistake is made it cannot afterwards be discovered or remedied without remeasurement of the individual who has vanished. Not only may the reading of the record be wrong, but the record itself may be defective, in which case no amount of care can provide a remedy. For these reasons Mr. Henry seems fully justified in urging that the Indian Government was well advised to desert anthropometry for finger-prints.

In England, of course, the police have no knowledge of either system. The Investigation Department keeps a photograph and a description of every criminal, and that is all. The worst of it is that from the very nature of the case we can never know how ludicrously unsatisfactory such a clumsy record must be, for no one can tell how often it happens that a prisoner who is really an old offender is treated as a novice in crime. But one day even England

will want something more scientific than a villainous photograph, accompanied by such words of wisdom as "whiskers sandy; no marks." And when that day at length comes, Mr. Henry's monograph will become a textbook for beginners. In the meantime, many others beside the professed criminologist will find Mr. Henry's charts a fascinating study, and will search their own finger tips to find whether they exhibit Arches, Loops,

*The Speaker.*

Whorls, Central Pockets, Lateral Pockets, Twined Loops, or Accidentals. One would like to know whether the criminal mind tends to be associated with any particular type, and whether any signs of heredity in finger-patterns have yet been discovered; but the science is still so little emerged from the period of experiment that as yet it has not even been given a name. Some people, perhaps, would call it Dactylotypography.

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### THE FUTURE OF THE SIX-SHILLING NOVEL.

The six-shilling novel has now existed riotously for some ten years, and, to the casual observer, its position would seem to be assured, impregnable. Yet the real fact is that those most concerned are profoundly dissatisfied with it. A publisher whose reputation for successful fiction is second to none in London said the other day that he was ready to try any experiment for a change, even to the length of issuing novels at thirty-one-and-six; and he was not talking facetiously. A famous authors' agent, commenting on this despairing remark, said that novels might be issued at thirty-one-and-six or at half-a-crown, but that, in any event, the six-shilling price was bound to be altered. A leading West End publisher, to whom we mentioned the matter, said, with the utmost calmness: "I think it would be a good thing, as regards many novels, to return to the thirty-one-and-six figure." "But surely," we urged, "such a change would destroy your business in novels so issued." "It would," he said; "and I should be delighted to have my business in certain novels destroyed absolutely. You must understand," he added, "that no one has any fault to

find with the present price of novels which sell well. It is the work of the new author, and of the author with a reputation but no circulation, that causes the trouble and the dissatisfaction. Such work, take it all round, results in a loss to the seller."

Here undoubtedly was truth. A successful novel is satisfactory, whatever its price; and, therefore, it is satisfactory at six shillings. The bookseller makes his fourpence out of it, and it does not stick on his shelves. What the publisher makes out of it is known only to the publisher; but that he makes something considerable is proved by the extraordinary competition among publishers for successful and partially successful authors. Any one acquainted with the *arcana* of a publisher's office, and especially any publisher's literary adviser, knows the ravenous appetite of publishers for successful authors. Let a man write a novel which sells only two thousand copies, and he will find half-a-dozen firms anxious to accept all risks and pay him from £75 to £100 on account of royalties upon delivery of the MS. of his next novel. Even if a novel sells but a thousand copies, thus

clearing its first edition, the author may in future choose his publisher from several, and obtain from £30 to £50 in advance on his next MS.

It is the new author who fails to make a hit that is the cause of tears. In nine cases out of ten the publisher expects to lose on a first book, and he is not disappointed. He prints, say, seven hundred and fifty copies, and sells from two hundred to five hundred. If he sells five hundred he considers himself well out of the affair. As for the author, his receipts vary from *nil* up to £10—and this for something upon which he has probably lavished a year's labor. The worst is that the sales of first books are steadily decreasing; they are from thirty to forty per cent. less to-day than they were six years ago. And so there is naturally disgust. The author is disgusted because his reward is so absurdly trifling; the publisher is disgusted because he is often at an actual monetary loss; and the bookseller is disgusted because he finds his shop encumbered with dead stock. The question may be asked: "Why are mediocre novels produced at all? No one wants them." But someone does want them. The author wants them, and the author will have them. It was assumed ten years ago that the abolition of the three-volume novel would mean the abolition of the mediocre new writer. But how blind an assumption! You cannot change nature by an edict of the libraries. Mediocrity is immortal; nothing can scotch it. Instead of being annihilated the mediocre new writer is more numerous than ever. "But," you say, "why does the publisher publish the fellow's stuff and why does the bookseller buy it?" Simply because hope springs eternal in the human breast, and because the supply of non-mediocre authors is unequal to the demand. The publisher is very human, and the bookseller scarcely less so. Every sparrow

that lights on their window-sill may prove to be the Arabian bird; and after the bitterness of a thousand disappointments they hope on, hope on, with a sublime and miraculous fortitude.

In the meantime the condition of affairs has distinctly worsened for author and publisher, and, perhaps, also for the bookseller. Who, then, has profited, since the public certainly reads more than ever? It is the libraries which have profited. They buy for four shillings that for which they formerly paid fifteen, but one does not perceive that they have reduced their subscription-rates. Silently but steadily money has been diverted from the pockets of the publishers and authors to the pockets of the libraries. In the old days nearly every three-volume novel cleared its expenses, and a new author could be fairly sure of a reasonable emolument. A number of blamelessly inane writers existed in comfort upon their modest share of so many thirty-one-and-sixpences. Then the fiat went forth, and without a cry these unfortunate persons sank beneath the waves of reform. That was nothing—at least, it was nothing to literature. But it was not all. The public buy more novels now than they did, but the improvement in this respect has not by any means been sufficient to atone for that tremendous leakage into the pockets of the libraries. Now, as then, the average reader gets his novels from the library, and not from the bookseller. And the libraries pursue their golden path, purchasing as many, or as few, of a novel at six shillings as they did of a novel at thirty-one-and-six. The successful, the meritorious writers have suffered to some extent, and, as for the rest, they have suffered enormously.

It is useless to blame the libraries. The libraries occupy an empyrean in which remonstrances cannot be heard. There are two remedies, and it is these

remedies which the publishing world is now thoughtfully pondering. The first is to increase the price of speculative novels, and to rely for support wholly on the libraries instead of partly on the libraries and partly on the booksellers. The objection to such a course is that the libraries would probably decline to sanction it. Why, indeed, as commercial concerns should they sanction it except under compulsion? And who would apply the compulsive force? The second remedy is to decrease the price of speculative novels. Now the three-and-sixpenny novel has been tried and has proved a failure; but the half-crown novel, the shilling novel, have yet to go through an exhaustive test. Decidedly there are signs that the half-crown novel is coming into fashion. Mr. John Murray began a new half-crown series only last week, and it is reported that Mr. Heinemann will shortly renew his activity in this direction. The object of

The Academy.

cheapening the speculative novel is twofold—first to popularize it, and second to reduce the pecuniary risks attached to it. If you print on thinner paper, and use a flimsier binding, spending £60 instead of £100 on an edition at a smaller price per copy, you will naturally stand to lose proportionately less on dead stock. And it is the risk of loss, not the hope of gain, which chiefly affects the publisher of a first book. As for the new author, the new author must openly reconcile himself to writing his first book for naught. He must not even pretend that the thing will be remunerative. It should be distinctly understood on all hands that a first book can only pay when a miracle happens. On such an understanding the new author may start fair—without illusions. After all, a first book is a mercantile experiment, and it is only proper that the experiment should involve the least possible risk.

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### ANTONIO.

In youth, when idle hearts to love inclined  
 Flit on from flower to flower, love passed me by;  
 This one the senses charmed, but not the mind;  
 That one the judgment pleased, but not the eye.  
 So seeming inward cold and outward blind,  
 I lived, love's baffled votary. Swift would fly  
 The dream I clasped at; till I left behind  
 Fair youth, and thought, sweet love unfound, to die.  
 But now when love has found me, 'tis too late;  
 As stars at dawn love yields to nobler fire;  
 Lo, honor calls, the summoner of fate;  
 Dead in its ashes lies extinct desire.  
 Sound trumpets, sound! Blow bugle's maddening breath!  
 Child, we have loved too late. Farewell! my bride is Death.

*Arthur Gray Butler.*



